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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The New Copyright Bill

IT is unfortunate that Representative Sirovich of New York, Chairman of the Patents Committee of the House, should have become embroiled in an exchange of discourtesies with the dramatic critics since by so doing he has diverted attention from the valiant service he is rendering in behalf of a measure that is sorely in need of settlement—the amending of the Copyright Law of the country. For two generations the question of copyright has been a moot one in the United States. Last year the Vestal Bill brought us within measurable distance of a law conforming to that of other nations, but the operations of the radio group defeated it at the eleventh hour, and the fight went over to the present. There are now two bills before Congress, Chairman Sirovich's, and one introduced into the Senate by Senator Dill which contains provisions which would make entrance into the International Copyright Union impossible.

Mr. Sirovich has addressed himself to the intricate problems attendant upon copyright with a caution which has rejected such limitations as would be at variance with foreign practice at the same time that it has avoided stipulations which would antagonize any of the various groups who are users of copyright. Finding, for instance, that the length of term designated for subsistence of copyright in other countries—fifty years after the death of the author—was meeting with insuperable opposition in the Senate, he wrote into his Bill a term of his own devising beginning upon the creation of the work and continuing until the expiration of fifty-six years from the date of its first public presentation. This, apparently, is a compromise for various other terms suggested, and was arrived at by Mr. Sirovich in the belief that it is possible of acceptance and not on the ground that it is necessarily the best possible provision. He, to be sure, like everyone else, must recognize the difficulties of interpretation inherent in it. Just what, for example, constitutes "first public presentation"? It may be recitation, and not publication, and its definition in case of suit for infringment of copyright, may be difficult of determination. So, too, the period between creation and presentation, during which there may be no record that the work is in existence, affords a potential field of difficulty in the eventuality of litigation.

In order to guard against possible difficulties, and to secure in case of infringement of copyright the fullest protection and indemnity, the author of any work, and the holder of any license or assignment, would be well advised the former to register, and the latter to record, the same at the earliest moment in Washington. For the Sirovich Bill, in order to permit of the entrance of the United States into the International Copyright Union, has abolished the formality of registration and the formality of printed notice of copyright. The new Bill provides that "the copyright, or any assignment or license thereof, shall not in any manner be impaired by the failure after the effective date of this Act (January 1, 1933), to register such copyright or to record any assignment or license thereof," and that "copyright granted in this Act shall not in any measures be impaired by the failure, after the effective date of this

(*Continued on page 633*)

ARRIVAL OF AZTEC TRIBUTE-COLLECTORS. ILLUSTRATION, BY KEITH HENDERSON, FOR PRESCOTT'S "CONQUEST OF MEXICO" (HOLT)

High Achievement*

By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

IT runs from the beginning of these continents, as we, the inheritors, know them—the savage dream—the great fable—the treasure to be ravished by right of conquest—and, with the search and the accomplishment, the despoiling of the land. Some day, a history of the Americas may be written in these terms alone, and, when it is, it will be a valuable one, for the fate is not yet worked out and the strength is still in the lodestone. But in the conquest of Mexico by Cortes and his companions we see the dream at its fantastic apogee. The whole tale of the Conquest is a tale that could not have happened. And it was real—as real as the gold and the wounds and the dry thirst after the battle. It is this reality —this sense of living men—which Mr. MacLeish has captured in the pages of "Conquistador." Reality like that of an orchard or a ship.

> And we heard them laugh in their hands: and the voice of de Avila
> Filling the slack of the surf like a boy's bugle—
> "Did they eat the tongues from the root of your throats like calves?
>
> "Have they taken the words from your mouths, Veterans?"—screwing the
> Sneer in the twist of his teeth: and the wind suddenly
> Fresh out of that shore and the smoke moving:
>
> And the smell under the smoke of the burning blood:

This is both a new kind of writing and a very old one. The assonant beat, the occasional, deliberate throwing away of emphasis, the hard, rebellious texture are of our own time. But there is something behind them that goes back to very old things, to the first plowed earth, the first corn harvests, the feel of wood and water and stone in the hand. Mr. MacLeish, at times, has done work that was in a fashion and will pass with that fashion. But his best work has never had anything to do with fashion—and the quality that makes for its endurance is a quality outside of time. "Everything we have done has been faithful and dangerous," he says, in another poem, speaking not of any one tribe or nation, but of men themselves, anonymous, stubborn, and forgotten, the ancestors, the old beyond eld, the worshippers of Wind and Knife. The ship has long been sunken, but the planks were well-hewn and truly fitted, even the lines of the earthwork have disappeared, but, while it stood, it was strong. And it is this deep-rooted, primitive sense of elemental things and forces—a sense almost tactile in its definiteness—which gives "Conquistador" some of its amazing vitality. The note is struck at once in the Prologue.

> Time done is dark as are sleep's thickets:
> Dark is the past: none waking walk *there*

and in the calling up of the Conquerors from the shadowy beaches:

> And Sandoval comes first and the Palos wind
> Stirs in the young hair: and the smoky candle
> Shudders the sick face and the fevered skin:
>
> And still the dead feet come: and Alvarado
> Clear in that shadow as a fagot kindled:
> The brave one: stupid: and the face he had
>
> Shining with good looks: his skin pink:
> His legs warped at the knee like the excellent horseman:
> And gentleman's ways and the tail of the sword swinging:
>
> . . . And still they came: and from the shadow fixes
>
> Eyes against me a mute armored man
> Staring as wakened sleeper into embers:
> This is Cortes that took the famous land:
>
> The eye-holes narrow to the long night's ebbing:
> The gray skin crawls beneath the scanty beard:

(*Continued on next page*)

* CONQUISTADOR. By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1932. $2.50.

Akin to Goldsmith

GOD AND MY FATHER. By CLARENCE DAY. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1932. $1.

Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD

HERE is a small book of less than ninety pages that is not, I venture to say, alms for oblivion. It is one of those rare creations likely to be cherished by the happy few long after it has been enjoyed and forgotten by the negligent many. And when I call it a rare creation, I may well do so in a double sense. All contemporary readers of discernment have crow after crow to pick with Clarence Day. He writes, *when* he writes, so supremely well; yet he comes so very near to not writing at all. He seems to be running a sort of race for the prize of reticence with Ralph Hodgson, the English lyric poet. Something, in both instances, should be done about it. Not since the poet Gray has so much talent produced so little copy. Meanwhile—and—and—continue ticking off their three or four disasters apiece per year! It is enough to trouble one's faith that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

However, here finally is another brief book by Clarence Day—and we have not been waiting in vain. Quantitatively, but in no other possible sense, it is disappointing. One would search far to find as much humor, shrewdness, character, *ironic wisdom, and sheer good writing* in an equal number of pages. This is a book not to borrow, but to own. It belongs on thoughtfully tended shelves, not too far from the "Essays of Elia" and the "Sentimental Journey"—neither of which small masterpieces it superficially resembles. But we are not in this review discussing the superficial.

If, by good fortune, like the present reviewer, you were brought up in the tranquilly provincial metropolis of New York some forty years or more ago, this book will do more than delight you—it will

This Week

"DISPOSSESSION."
By KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN.

"ARABIA FELIX."
Reviewed by ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS.

"THE OUTLOOK FOR LITERATURE."
Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON.

"THE TRAGEDY OF HENRY FORD."
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.

"HEAT LIGHTNING."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

"THREE LOVES."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"THE LONG RIFLE."
Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

"PSYCHOLOGY."
Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW.

"GREATER AMERICA."
Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON.

THE BOWLING GREEN.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

"CARL SCHURZ."
Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

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move you to secret tears. Clarence Day has recovered (and in so much less than nine volumes) the very form and pressure of that *temps perdu*. He has done it so casually, with such apparent (but deceptive) ease! For there must be no mistake as to the style of these seemingly artless pages—it is masterly. It has the cunning simplicity (minus the slightly archaic tone) of the prose style of Goldsmith. We could all, of course, write like that—if only we could write like that. But somehow we never can—or, at least, we never do.

For example:

> There was one kind of depression that afflicted Mother which Father was free from: he never once had any moments of feeling "unworthy." This was a puzzle to Mother, and it made her look at Father with a mixture of awe and annoyance. Other people went to church to be made better, she told him. Why didn't he? He replied in astonishment that he had no need to be better—he was all right as he was. Mother couldn't get over his taking this stand, but she never could get him to see what the matter was with it. It wasn't at all easy for Father to see that he had any faults; and if he did, it didn't even occur to him to ask God to forgive them. He forgave them himself.
>
> He expected a good deal of God, apparently. Not that he wanted God's help, of course; or far less His guidance. No, but it seemed that God—like the rest of us—spoiled Father's plans. He, Father, was always trying to bring this or that good thing to pass, only to find that there were obstacles in the way. . . . He would call God's attention to such things. They should not have been there. He didn't actually accuse God of gross inefficiency, but when he prayed his tone was loud and angry, like that of a dissatisfied guest in a carelessly managed hotel.
>
> But Father was patient with God after all. If he didn't forgive, he forgot. His wrath didn't last—he had other things to think of—and he was genial at heart. The very next Sunday after an outburst he would be back in church. Not perhaps as a worshipper or a devotee, but at least as a patron.

And now hear the Vicar of Wakefield maintaining, with Whiston, that it is unlawful for a priest of the church of England, after the death of his first wife to take a second:

> I published some tracts upon the subject myself, which, as they never sold, I have the consolation of thinking were read only by the happy *few*. Some of my friends call this my weak side; but alas! they had not like me made it the subject of long contemplation. The more I reflected upon it, the more important it appeared. I even went a step beyond Whiston in displaying my principles: as he had engraven upon his wife's tomb that she was the *only* wife of William Whiston; so I wrote a similar epitaph for my wife, though still living, in which I extolled her prudence, economy, and obedience till death; and having got it copied fair, with an elegant frame, it was placed over the chimney-piece, where it answered several very useful purposes. In admonishing my wife of her duty to me, and my fidelity to her, it inspired her with a passion for fame, and constantly put her in mind of her end.

"But," a superficial reader might exclaim, "your passage from Goldsmith and your quotations from Clarence Day are not at all alike!" You are wrong, superficial reader; they are spiritually and artistically of the same family, in spite of some negligible differences of manner due to the passing of years. There is the same deceptive simplicity masking a shrewd, sly irony—an irony, however, which is never harsh, but always sympathetic, humorsome, humane. "Father," it is true, is a very different character from the Vicar, but he is presented to us quite as completely, with the same beautiful economy of means. I salute in "God And My Father" an unmistakable and, as I believe, a lasting work of art.

Desmond MacCarthy's excellent journal, *Life and Letters*, which has been heretofore issued in London as a monthly is to appear as a quarterly in the future. The March issue, the first under the new arrangement features E. V. Lucas, Stella Benson, a new poem by D. H. Lawrence, the Editor himself on Lytton Strachey, and the usual chronicles and brief abstract of the times in the world of books. Desmond MacCarthy has recently been winning plaudits from critics and public with his new book "Portraits."

High Achievement

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Neither the eyes nor the sad mouth remember:

Other and nameless are there shadows here
Cold in the little light as winter crickets:
Torpid with old death: under sullen years

Numb as pale spiders in the blind leaves hidden:
These to the crying voices do not stir:
So still are trees the climbing stars relinquish:

And last and through the weak dead comes—the uncertain
Fingers before him on the sightless air—
An old man speaking: and the windblown words . . ."

It is Bernál Díaz who tells the tale. "That which I have myself seen and the fighting." Sometimes the voice is indeed like the broken whisper of a ghost, sometimes it is strong and resonant, the voice of the young, hard soldier, able for all things, unbeaten yet by success. But always it tells the tale, and the tale moves with it—and always, beyond it, there is the feel of a land and a people and an army—of men marching endlessly—men sleeping the sleep of exhaustion after the march—men, at last, come dazzled and wondering to a clean, princely city and living there like gods for a little while. Then follows the tragedy which was more than Alvarado's massacre or the Noche Triste—the tragedy of the conquest achieved, the gold won, the city looted, and the followers of conquest inheriting the land.

And those that had jeered at our youth (but the fashion changes:)
They came like nettles in dry slash: like beetles:
They ran in the new land like lice staining it:

They parcelled the bloody meadows: their late feet
Stood in the passes of harsh pain and of winter:
In the stale of the campments they culled herbs. . . .

. . . Old . . . an old man sickened and near death:
And the west is gone now: west is the ocean sky . . .

O, day that brings the earth back, bring again
That well-swept town those towers and that island. . . .

So the tale ends, after all the labors. I have not attempted even to sketch the bare outlines of the tale—it is better to read the poem. But it is one of the great tales of the world, and it is here presented not merely faithfully, but as if it came today from the mouth of a living man. Occasionally, as through the whole of the Tenth Book, the verse is extraordinarily rich, beautiful, and colorful, sometimes, as in certain passages of the first few books, it moves as if in a trance, lit with sudden sharp pictures—the trance of an old man, between sleep and waking, remembering brokenly and muttering names and words in our ears whose import we do not yet comprehend. But, from the moment the actual march toward Mexico City begins, it gathers force, impetus, and movement, and mounts steadily till the end.

There are few individual portraits, except in the Prologue—though, running throughout the verse, there are pictures of individual men at single moments, brief, sharp, and definite as sketches on the edge of a muster-roll. We have men's words and their acts, but there is no attempt, for instance, to draw a full-length portrait of Cortés in the traditional, biographic sense, or even to get inside his mind. But, for the purposes of the poem, such portraits would be unnecessary and out of key. We know the narrator, we see the strange things through his eyes. And all around us is the stir of men and the unknown landscape, the mountains, the plains, the foes in feather-armor, the odor of noon, the odors of blood and dust. "We drank of the milk of the aloe and were drunk." "We set the flame to the thatch and they Fell like the burning bees where the winds toss them." That is how it happened. Afterwards we may think and remember, as Díaz remembers at the beginning and the end. But while we marched, Cortés was not history but Cortés. The history, the tangling of motives, came later on. One man saw this with his eyes.

A long poem without a flaw has never been written—and "Conquistador" is no exception. Sometimes, toward the first of the poem, the beat of the initial "And" grows monotonous and, at other times, Mr. MacLeish has, to me, an unnecessary fondness for ending a line with a "the," an "of," or a "his" that might be more easily carried over to the next line. Also, again toward the first of the poem, there are passages where the telescoping of events and the direct sequence of pictures, without explanation, leave the reader a trifle confused. But, as I have said, as soon as the march toward Tenochtilan begins, the verse sweeps all before it. And the poem as a whole is a magnificent and sustained achievement—solid with the solidity of good workmanship and informed with a masculine power and lyricism very rare in any time.

There is much I should like to quote—the Prologue—Bernál Díaz Preface—the sea-adventures—the appearance of Jeronimo de Aguilar, strange as Philoctetes on his island—the first appearance of the messengers of Montezuma:

Men were among us of other dress and of faces
Proud and with blunt brows: of great stature:
Their garments woven of thread: and they moved gracefully:

And they carried staves in their hands of a green plant:
And they smelled a rose as they came: their Indian servants
Driving the flies from them: lifting the silver fans: . . .

I should like to quote Cortés's letter to His Catholic Majesty and the superb description of the Retreat. But it is hard to quote without mangling, and I am afraid I have done a good deal of that already. Suffice it to say that, whatever Mr. MacLeish describes, from the Aztec crests coming on in battle, like a squall of rain across the whitening barley, to the sellers of good dreams and blue clay for the baking of gods and hennequin in the markets of the city, is described with the freshness, the wonder, and the vividness of early sunlight. There are no *clichés* here, and the short words march in their order, like wave following after wave.

Mr. MacLeish has already done work of importance, originality, and beauty. He has experimented, successfully and otherwise, in various forms. Any writer must do that who is worth his salt. But, running through all his work, there is an individual and unmistakable character—a strong and native imprint. In "Conquistador" and the book which preceded it, "New Found Land," he has reached the definite mastery of his materials which is the goal of every writer. It is impossible to say of "Conquistador" that it is "a successful experiment" or "an interesting development in narrative." It is a poem, not an experiment, and it will be read and reread for a good many years to come.

Stephen Vincent Benét, whose "John Brown's Body" has been one of the outstanding achievements of American poetry in recent years, is novelist as well as poet. In addition to "John Brown", which was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1928, he has published several volumes of verse since his books first began to appear while he was still a student at Yale University.

Dispossession

(*Connecticut River Valley*)

By KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

I, who love this land, who love this wide valley
The straight high temples of the hills, the river's curve,
The smooth unbroken water, the fertile meadows,
What is my love, what is this memory I serve?

I, a stranger from another land, a newcomer
Of two brief centuries ago, alien and pale,
Talking a strange tongue, looking over this vastness
With short-seeing eyes, dimly, behind a veil.

What should I, who was bred in square houses
With fear, and a flintlock always ready at hand,
Who looked from a barricade for smoke or arrows,
What should I know of the beauty of this land?

That you know, who once walked with velvet feet in these forests,
Who dipped a long silent paddle into this stream,
Remembered no other place, worshipped upon these hilltops,
And then saw land and people vanish as in a dark dream.

What is my love to yours, O ghostly Chieftain
How can I look at this land from within your eyes?
Where I see rolling hills and a meadow pasture
You saw forever the smoke of your wigwams rise.

You saw there the place of birth and death, your eternal
Hunting Ground was as near as the distant view;
How should I, alien, understand the love you bore it
Yet once for a moment, here on this hilltop, I knew.

The Great Desert

ARABIA FELIX. By BERTRAM THOMAS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1932. $5.

Reviewed by ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

MR. BERTRAM THOMAS, author of "Arabia Felix," crossed the Rub' al Khali desert in 1931. His expedition was the greatest single-handed feat of geographical exploration of the present century. I have no hesitation in making such a categorical statement. The Rub' al Khali is a region as large as the combined areas of France and Germany. It is not isolated within the heart of the continent; it is easily accessible from the seacoast. Nevertheless, until 1931 it had remained absolutely unknown. This fact alone speaks eloquently of the difficulties involved in its exploration. Other explorers had turned their eyes longingly toward this white part of the world's map, but the chances of making the exploration and coming out alive were too small to warrant a serious attempt. During the past hundred years only seven men have penetrated even the borders of the great desert. Not only is the region extremely arid, providing the minimum of food and water, but the few native inhabitants are so extremely hostile that a stranger within their lands is given a short shrift. Moreover, continual tribal wars complicate the situation.

Circumstances conspired to make Bertram Thomas peculiarly fitted to do the job. For fifteen years he had been in and near Arabia. During the war, and after, he saw military and political service in Mesopotamia and Palestine; also for several years he held the position of Prime Minister and Finance Minister to the Sultan of Oman. He speaks Arabian better, probably, than any other white man. He knows the customs of the natives and their manner of thought; he has a vital interest in natural history and a great desire to contribute something of worth to the world's knowledge of the country he loves. These are his mental qualifications. Physically he is a powerful man with a digestion which can assimilate an exclusive diet of camel's milk with indifference.

Thomas realized that the conquest of the Rub' al Khali could not be lightly undertaken, even by one so richly endowed as himself. Before he made the attempt he must prepare in advance against failure so far as it was humanly possible. By preliminary journeys along the borders of the region he studied his problem at first hand and made invaluable contacts with

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the natives. He learned that the mountain camels could not be used in the desert. He must have a caravan in which every animal was bred on the sands of the region he was to cross. To this end he commissioned natives to collect his transport.

Secrecy was of the utmost importance. Had Government officials known of his proposed attempt he would have been stopped; had the Arabs suspected his destination the news would have been carried into the desert and hostility invited. He financed the expedition from his own pocket, for under the circumstances he could not ask aid from the Royal Geographical Society, although doubtless it would have been forthcoming.

Mr. Thomas slipped away from the capitol, Muscat, on the night of October 5, 1930, joined the ship *British Grenadier,* and eventually reached Dhufar on the southern coast of Arabia. The camels for which he had contracted the previous year were not awaiting him. He sent two envoys into the sands to bring them to Dhufar. During the interim of waiting, he made a valuable series of anthropological measurements of various native tribes and at the end of three weeks set off on an expedition into the steppe country of the Quara Mountains. Only two explorers had seen this region forty years earlier. During this expedition of nearly six weeks, Mr. Thomas made a collection of mammals, insects, reptiles, and other natural history specimens, as well as studying the tribesmen and their customs.

On December 6, 1930, he found himself again in the fort at Dhufar with no news of the envoys whom he had sent into the sands to bring his camels. The next day the gunboat would come to take him back to Muscat. That same night his caravan arrived. On December 10, 1930, he set out from Dhufar upon an adventure which he knew might well cost him his life.

He was dressed as an Arab to avoid as much as possible emphasizing the fact that he differed in race and religion from his followers. For the same reason he did not even wear sun glasses. He subsisted almost entirely upon camel's milk like his men.

Mr. Thomas passes perhaps too lightly over the hardships and dangers of his journey. He suffered from hunger and thirst and was in hourly peril of meeting bands of hostile Arabs. But to him this was all a part of the day's work; he knew before he entered the sands that such would be his daily portion. The matter of importance was to obtain as much information as possible about this unknown region. In addition to his route map he made collections of mammals, insects, reptiles, and amphibians, rocks, sand, and water. The material he was able to bring out amazes even a trained collector and is an eloquent testimony to his energy and serious purpose. Fifty-six days after leaving Dhufar he emerged at Doha on the Persian Gulf. The Rub' al Khali had been crossed. Mr. Thomas made the journey without accident to himself or his men.

The account of this journey is an epic of exploration. Moreover, it is charmingly written. It is by no means a dry itinerary of camps and daily marches. Mr. Thomas has a keen sense of humor, and the dialogue which enriches the narrative brings out delightfully the working of the Arab mind. The book is full of information, but it is presented in a form which makes it fascinating reading even for one to whom the desert is only of casual interest. Arabia seems to produce good writers as well as good explorers, and Mr. Thomas has splendidly maintained its tradition. As one who has himself lived much in deserts I am particularly glad to add my personal tribute to the many which Mr. Thomas already has received. This brief review abounds in superlatives, but the work he did, and the way it was done, demands the highest praise.

Roy Chapman Andrews, zoölogist and explorer, is chief of the division of Asiatic Exploration of the American Museum of Natural History. He has led expeditions of that institution in Tibet, China, and Mongolia, and in central Asia, where he discovered the oldest known mammals and extensive evidences of primitive human life. He was the discoverer of the first dinosaur eggs known and of some of the richest known fossil fields.

Jones and His World

By ARTHUR COLTON

THE OUTLOOK FOR LITERATURE. By A. H. THORNDIKE. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. $2.

REFLECTIONS OF A RESIDENT EXPATRIATE. By GERALD CHITTENDEN. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1931. $1.50.

THE REDISCOVERY OF JONES. By SIMEON STRUNSKY. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1931. $2.

ESSAYS OF A CATHOLIC. By HILAIRE BELLOC. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. $2.50.

OF the four authors of the four books above, Messrs. Thorndike and Chittenden are academics, that is, respectively university and private school teachers; Messrs. Strunsky and Belloc are professional writers. But classified by outlook, by attitude of mind toward modern or American life and its currents and tendencies, the partnerships would have to be shifted.

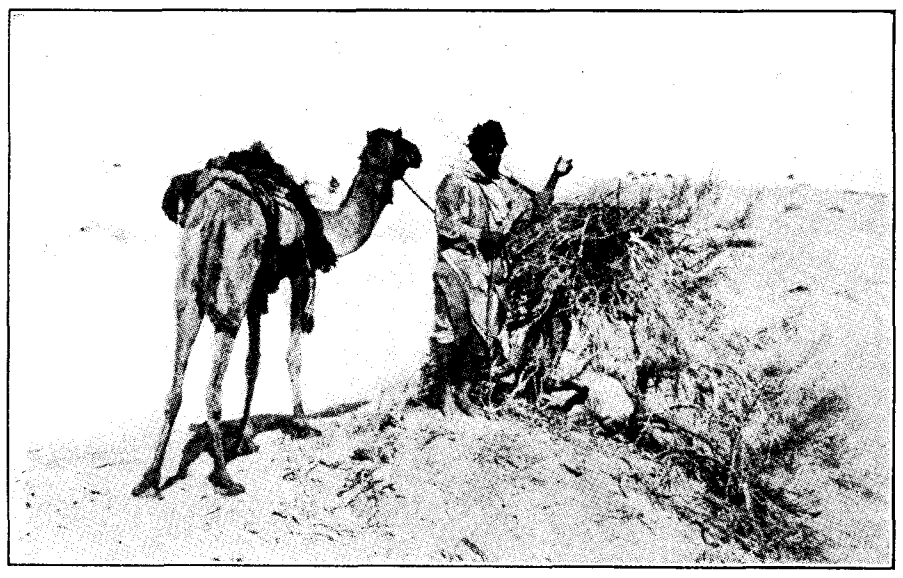

ILLUSTRATION FROM "ARABIA FELIX" (SCRIBNERS)

Messrs. Thorndike and Strunsky are inclined to look on the sunny side of the twentieth century; they think well on the whole of Jones, the crowd man, the much-abused and much-enduring, the average or composite American. Messrs. Chittenden and Belloc think the ways of Jones are nearly all wrong; they look on the main currents of the century with despondency and disapproval, admitting only faint indications of a hopeful change. Mr. Chittenden wants a rise into greater authority and respect of the class to which he belongs, men of non-competitive culture. Mr. Belloc has no use for anything but the Catholic church. The only thing that he can say of the future is that,

> of the two cultures the long supremacy of the Protestant one in Europe is over; its reliance must henceforward be on American influence, while the Catholic one is still undecided between a reaction toward its great origins in religion and a popular drift still further away from these—which drift, if it becomes the main stream, will carry civilization into the abyss. For upon the maintenance and increase of the Church the life of our civilization depends. There are apparent in all art, literature, and morals many forerunners of collapse.

We are familiar with Mr. Belloc's opinions, and have found him, among Catholic apologists, one of the unpersuasive. If one's own conceptions of social and religious history are one-sided, dogmatic in form, and vague in content, they are not likely to be corrected by a controversialist still more one-sided and dogmatic, and one whose learning seems to be more miscellaneous than impeccable. There is much to be said for the thirteenth century and the old cultural unities, and it has been said, for instance, by Henry Adams, by Cardinal Newman. Assuming Newman's premises, the background which his "Apologia" enables one to understand, one follows with absorbed interest the subtle reasonings of a great mind, a beautiful and sincere spirit, and they do tend to modify a too unblinking Protestantism or faith in the Liberal Gospel. Protestant and Catholic need not necessarily set each other's teeth on edge. Lord Acton's outlook was as spacious as his learning. Mr. Chesterton may be as cocksure and misleading as Mr. Belloc, but he is genial, and Mr. Belloc is not. It is not a winning characteristic, this inability to speak of those with whom he disagrees in any other terms than contempt, this finality on every debatable issue. In writing: "The scientific practice breeds a habit of certitude which the vulgar call 'cocksureness,'" did no backfire of suspicion occur that he was himself somewhat practiced in the habit of certitude? Does the practice of science breed cocksureness, or does it not rather (more than almost any other practice) breed the habit of question? Is it only the vulgar who say "cocksure" instead of "habitually certain?" Three dubious assumptions in fourteen words of certitude is rather more than Mr. Belloc's average, but I can think of no writer whose average is higher.

Mr. Chittenden also sees some glimmerings in the gloom of this unhappy era, but sees them in a class or type, not in an institution. He has been all his active life a teacher in a private school, and the animus of his book seems to start from the criticism (of college classmates perhaps) on his choice of a career. They thought, apparently, that a man of his ability could have done better and more creditably by himself as a lawyer or business man. His answer is convincing that his critics are wrong, that he has done well by himself, that he has chosen the good part, chosen perhaps better than they. His work is more vital to society and ought to be more honored than theirs. But if they are wrong about him, it is possible that he is wrong about them. The values, personal and social, of the non-competitive life are arguable enough without claiming everything.

> Since he descended from the trees, the competitive man has originated nothing and invented nothing. If he had been left to his own devices, he would have still been fighting other competitive men with sticks and stones and fingernails. Believing this, I cannot take him seriously, and when he tells me as he frequently does, that life is a battle, I cannot help asking what the war is about. The question always makes him angry. Apparently I should enjoy fighting for its own sweet sake, but out of respect for my intellect, I have no appetite for a victory which I cannot understand. Mutiny is the habit of my mind, and Why? my favorite question.

Mr. Chittenden's average of positive assumptions is not as high as Mr. Belloc's, but this his opening paragraph does fairly well. The habit of mutiny is rather a warlike habit, and he is an admirable combatant. But I do not see the difficulty of answering his question, what the war is about? or why the competitive should become angry at it, and doubt if he usually does. That the stimulus of competition has never stimulated anyone to invent or start anything is patently untrue —Prince Kropotkin was able to prove that coöperation had a survival value, not only in society but back in the wilds of nature, but he did not attempt to prove that a victory had no survival value. The conception of personal and social values which Mr. Chittenden advocates is competing today with the conception which he attacks. He is competing with his ideas against Mr. Strunsky and his ideas. Competition is everywhere, and nowhere the whole thing. Not even in Wall Street are cash rewards all that men struggle for.

Competition may be more insistent, or apparent, in America than in many or most older countries, but that does not make Mr. Chittenden "an expatriate." Mr. Strunsky suggests bond salesmanship as a typical occupation for his "Jones," but our school teachers outnumber our bond salesmen a hundred, perhaps a thousand, to one. It may be doubted if any country runs to school teaching more extensively and characteristically. Professor Irving Babbitt is as native a product of his soil as his antithesis of the same family name, created in bitterness of heart by Mr. Sinclair Lewis. One feels a little tempted to ask Mr. Chittenden, *en riposte,* what his mutiny is about. Not that he has not said plainly enough what it is about, but by way of suggesting that the contest does not seem very lonely, nor very desperate; that the opinions of competitive friends on his career are perhaps not important, that a good modicum of competitive America is quite inclined to agree with him.

The new critical attitude toward American ineptitudes and complacencies, which Mr. Chittenden represents, not in loneliness but in fellowship, is one of the happier signs of the times. Like most new movements it tends to run on single tracks, if not to fanaticism. But it is good for Jones to be ridiculed, denounced, portrayed as a compound of boob and sheep, moron and sneak, ignoramus and braggart, and to have all his vanities riddled with buckshot. When he has been skinned alive often enough, perhaps he will vaguely notice it. But if you have gathered the impression, in going to and fro, that Jones is quite a decent sort on the average, with a good disposition to "carry on," not without inklings that he does not know it all, and that there is an extraordinary variety of him, you are probably nearer the facts than if you stayed at home and wrapped your face in the mantle of Jeremiah. If you happen to remember that Athens was a mercantile city, a leader in trade and democracy before it became a leader in culture; that Florence invented banking, and was known for that before it was known for its artists, it may introduce some pleasant doubts into your despair.

To rediscover Jones is merely to look at him instead of looking at theories about him. Mr. Strunsky's animus is a reaction against the excesses of the "new critical attitude." Accordingly he observes Jones in his various relations, his opinions and his newspapers, in his family, business, and sports, and with all his mechanisms about him. He shows what happens if you apply "control experiment," as understood by scientists, to such theories as that Jones is standardized, regimented, materialized, censorized, mechanized, vulgarized; that he is a braggart and a boob, his business ethics all tooth and claw, his government all graft, his civilization a freak and a tragedy. To all such theorizers he says in effect: Get to know Jones, and quit making formulas out of what you don't know. Try the "control experiment," and don't be so damn doctrinaire.

One may take exceptions now and then to his argument, even find it in places inconsistently doctrinaire. He makes the point that four-fifths of Mrs. Smith's or Mrs. Jones's machinery of the Machine Age, her graphophone, is not a machine at all, her electric light and automobile only ten per cent machine, and the rest a gratification. And so with most of her so-called machines. They are not machines or tools,

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because they do not produce things but only satisfactions. Her telephone is a machine when she calls up the grocer, but not when she gossips with her friends. Most people, when they speak of the Machine Age, are thinking of the automobile and the movie, but the movie is never a machine, and the automobile only when it is a truck or a taxi, not when it is a pleasure car, as it is for the most part.

But neither dictionaries nor common usage agree with his definitions. To the dictionary a tool is an implement of manual operation, a machine a contrivance for applying mechanical power. In common usage one does not call a telephone a tool or machine, any more than a violin, but whether it is used for business or amusement has nothing to do with it. A violin is an implement of manual operation, and produces for the violinist the useful thing called an income, and for violinist and audience the satisfactory thing called music. Dictionaries follow after usage and try to pick the essential out of it. Usage is largely a matter of association. "Tool" is associated with hand labor, of the trades rather than the arts, hence with the, so-called, practical rather than esthetic utilities. It is associated with the ancient and simple; "machine" with the modern and complex. But I don't see that a sickle is no tool when it trims the edges of the merely pleasurable flower bed, or the lawn mower no machine when it mows the non-utilitarian lawn. Machines are largely associated with practical utility, but they are not defined by it. The idea of a telephone or piano is not blended with the general notion we have of machinery. It is a matter of association, not of analysis. If a telephone is a tool when employed in business, and no tool when employed in gossip, then a spade is a tool in respect to vegetables only such as the vegetables are to be nourishing rather than palatable, and not a tool at all in respect to the pleasure of gardening. Mr. Strunsky's definitions are doctrinaire. They do not "look at Jones," that is, at the words as they really are in their makeup and habit.

It does not greatly matter, for the conclusion he is aiming at is probably sound, namely, that the dread of a Machine Age is the dread of a bugaboo. What or how much for good or ill the increasing use of mechanisms is doing or will do us, nobody knows, but we are and shall be just as human as ever. It does not decrease one's humanity to use an electric carpet sweeper instead of a broom, or drive a car instead of a horse. If Machine Age means an age of robots, it means nonsense. A factory hand is probably less like a robot than is a coolie in the rice fields. Laboring mankind is probably more nearly mechanized in the old, unchanging peasant routine than in mechanistic America, which is constantly changing, whose people are so footloose and restless. The machine seems to accentuate rather than reduce that non-robotic condition.

With Professor Thorndike there are perhaps no obvious exceptions to be taken. His conclusions are as moderate as his knowledge is wide. He looks on the sunny side of things, and thinks the outlook interesting rather than depressing. His subject is literature, but literature today is a social phenomenon as general as trade competition. Its modern growth is as extraordinary as that of industrial machinery, and almost as rapid.

> One of the most extensive and extraordinary of man's inventions, one of the most continuous of his occupations, it is strangely composed from all ages and peoples, but it is ever responding to new interests and activities of an advancing civilization. If we are to make a new world we must make a new literature. If that new world is to be based on modern industrial society, so will that new literature—Huge machines turn out printed matter. There is no silence. Literature speaks constantly and through millions of voices. Our morality is based on the faith that we can remake the world," and if we can, literature is the tool we shall have to make use of. And yet in prognostications of the world, little heed is taken of literature.

To illustrate the newness of the phenomenon we must dip into Professor Thorndike's statistics. Print took the place of hand copying in the later fifteenth century. A hundred years later the most popular literature in England was the drama, and that was still mostly heard, not read. Another hundred years, and the late seventeenth century saw the small beginnings of periodicals. The reading public in England in the late eighteenth century was even then only a few hundred thousand. In the nineteenth, however, it grew by leaps and bounds. The sales of Scott were a new phenomenon. The first issues of his most popular novels were ten or twelve thousand. Of Dickens, about thirty-five thousand. Today a popular novel in this country, if syndicated, may reach five or six millions in a year. The London *Times* sold five thousand copies of its Waterloo issue. The daily sale of newspapers in the United States now is about forty-three millions. Over 227 million books were printed here in 1927, two books per person. The average American family of five in that year bought or subscribed for one (or two) newspapers, two weekly and five monthly periodicals, and nine books, four of which were textbooks. This public is absorbing not only daily news and current fiction, but standard books in enormous quantities, especially in low-priced series such as Everyman's Library. The best seller is not the popular novel of the season, but the schoolbook that sells year after year, or the standard work that seels forever. The proportion between the small minority of high-grade readers and the large majority of low grade has probably not changed much. Most of the ten thousand reading public of the seventeenth century read only the Bible and not very intelligently. Most of the hundred million reading public now reads superficially. Dull reading over and over is not necessarily any better than hastily reading something new. Among the things that perhaps depress the percentage now is the rapid increase itself in gross numbers. So long as the numbers are increasing so fast there is an excess of the inexperienced. "It is against this increment of the inexperienced that the sneers of the veterans is largely directed."

This last does not seem to me much of a point. Moreover it seems highly improbable that the proportion of high grade to low grade remains substantially the same. The absolute numbers of high grade are enormously greater of course, but the proportional numbers ought to be considerably less. When literacy rises from five to ninety-five per cent, the average intelligence of the literate must be lowered. The five per cent must have represented somewhat more selection of the intelligent that does the ninety-five. A point that would seem to me better than Professor Thorndike's increment of the inexperienced is this: While the numbers of fairly high-grade readers in proportion to population is perhaps as great in America as elsewhere and greater than in any other era, they are obscured and lost in the enormous mass. A publisher hesitates to put out a certain book, not because there are not enough people to whom it would appeal, but because he does not know who or where they are, or how to get at them. In some European countries, in France and Germany at least before the War, he seemed to have better access, possibly because the groups of interest were more stationary and ascertainable. Ninety-five million American readers is a mass that needs energetic classification. It would be an undertaking of considerable size and expense to card index that public even selectively, but a league of publishers could accomplish it and keep it up, with the aid of all the libraries and associations that already exist. I know of one instance where a good start was made toward card indexing the interest in music.

These four outlooks are types, but not new types. The two attitudes have long confronted each other. There were two conspicuous Swiss-Frenchmen, one of whom thought Jones was naturally bad and only to be saved by grace, and the other that Jones was naturally all right but spoiled by civilization. It all depends on what you think of Jones. The issue between those whom modern America on the whole attracts and stimulates, and those whom it repels and depresses—between those who hold the let alone doctrine that all a man needs to be happy is "to walk free and own no superior," America being the shining proof of it; and those who think it doesn't matter whether he is happy or not since he is silly in both conditions, America being the dismal proof of that—between those who think the cure of democracy is more democracy, and those who think it can only be cured by getting rid of it—between those who think with Calvin and Aquinas that the ordinary, unregenerate Jones is no good, and redeemable only by influences from above him, regimented into rightness; and those who think with Rousseau and Jeremy Bentham that he is naturally good enough so long as he is not badgered and handcuffed—it is all the same bottom issue. A socialist should logically stand with the former and think the trouble with the Jones society is that every Jones in it wants to run himself. A psycho-analyst should agree with the latter, namely, that if Jones is in trouble it is because of inhibitions and taboos. Is Jones better off with the lid down, or the lid off? Shall we provide the infant Jones with discipline, or with self-expression?

You can take your choice. My own eclectic impression is that those who see values in Jones and his age are probably nearer the facts, but on the other hand there is probably more value to Jones in listening to the opposite line of preachment. In fact—as Christopher Morley remarked to Jones, in a recent number of the *Saturday Review*, behind the mask of a Chinese mandarin—

> In fact you always needed
> A little more despair.

Not too much, but enough to flavor a not unnatural, but also not very interesting complacency.

Ford and His Works

THE TRAGEDY OF HENRY FORD. By JONATHAN NORTON LEONARD. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MR. LEONARD confesses that he set out to write his book in a "fine fury of indignation." He had seen the murderous monotony of the Ford factory, observed Ford's "destructive contempt for all those regions of human life which lay outside his own narrow experience," and had "felt the heat of that hatred toward Ford and all his works which has seared the edges of nearly every human spirit in Detroit." But eventually he came to feel that Ford was more to be pitied than censured. "He really wanted to use his unprecedented wealth to help humanity," and his efforts in that direction were ludicrously unsuccessful—due chiefly, it must be observed, to his idea that helping humanity was to be defined as making all men over in the pattern of Henry Ford minus his wealth and the qualities that enabled him to amass it. But this softening of the author's intention has not had any great effect except to make his book more temperate in approach and language than it might otherwise have been, and consequently more persuasive. You lay it down with the feeling that the tragedy is not so much Henry Ford's as that of the people who came into close contact with Ford.

Ford's contribution to the Ford Motor Company is here set down as the "ability to concentrate on a single idea almost as perfectly as the inmate of an insane asylum." Couzens and the Dodge Brothers rendered indispensable services but Ford's single-minded concentration on a car that will "get you there and get you back" was indispensable too. What put Ford ahead is very aptly termed "a strange sort of non-rational intelligence"—something like that troglodytic quality that Henry Adams found in General Grant (who also failed ludicrously when he ventured outside of the business he knew). Ford's extra-industrial adventures,—his tyrannical subversion of the private lives of his employees, his ridiculous flounderings in politics and international affairs, the cunning and savagely cruel trick by which he met his obligations in 1921 without calling on Wall Street, at the expense of Ford dealers and the supply firms who did business with him—all go back to the fact that he grew up in a country village of the 'seventies and 'eighties and carries all its rustic prejudices with him still. He is no "enigma," says Mr. Leonard, despite the contrast between his flashes of industrial genius and his ineptitude in other fields; "all his opinions can be heard around the general-store cracker box on any winter afternoon. The remarkable thing about Henry Ford is that he got hold of a billion dollars." He grew up under the influence of the frontier "philosophy of scarcity" and has never been able to understand that the provision of more things—simple, utilitarian, ugly things—is not the whole duty of man.

Mr. Leonard appears to have studied the record with great care, and it is unfortunate that he often fails to cite authorities for his views. In most cases they presumably rest on good authority, but his interpretation of the behavior of other men—Woodrow Wilson, for instance—is sometimes open to considerable question and you may wonder, in consequence, how right he is about Ford. His account of the voyage of the *Oscar II* differs at some points from this reviewer's recollection, but recollection is fallible after eighteen years and Mr. Leonard's general view of that episode and of the reasons for its failure is unquestionably sound. A readable and entertaining book, generally plausible in its analysis, which brings together a good many of the established facts of Ford's record that the public ought to remember.

Elmer Davis, one of the most penetrating commentators on American conditions and states of mind, was one of the journalists on board the "peace ship," the Oscar II, *when it carried Ford abroad.*

A special correspondent of the New York *Times*, writing of the literary tastes of the English royal family says: "The King's partiality is toward the older novelists—Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott, and occasionally Conrad. Biographies and historical romances are the Queen's favorites. The Prince of Wales likes Kipling, P. G. Wodehouse, and Stephen Leacock."

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

CONQUISTADOR. By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH. *Houghton Mifflin.*

A narrative poem depicting the conquest of Mexico with veracity and vigorous beauty.

ARABIA FELIX. By BERTRAM THOMAS. *Scribners.*

An explorer's chronicle of his penetration of the great Arabian desert.

HEAT LIGHTNING. By HELEN HULL. *Coward-McCann.*

A novel dealing with the entanglements and reactions of the members of a family circle bound together by pride and at odds in temperament.

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Family Circle

HEAT LIGHTNING. By Helen Hull. New York: Coward-McCann. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by Gladys Graham

EVERY one knows that feeling of fateful imminence that closes in with the heat of certain summer days. Everything about, animate and inanimate, seems to be waiting—there is a sense of held breath over the world. It is as if the sinister happening which halts momentarily before becoming apparent to all is known secretly to the elements. The earth, the sky, the air, are heavy with presage. Man alone, proud in his futile, upright position, is left out of the knowledge, his waiting is tinged with apprehension. Any moment now, any instant!

It is such a feeling of tension that Helen Hull catches and holds throughout her latest novel. Heat lightning crackles and threatens and crackles again along the horizon, and still the relieving storm does not appear. Psychologically, the same thing is happening to the characters emotionally worked upon and overwrought and worked upon again, and still the relieving outburst does not come. It is seldom that a book with as much substance as "Heat Lightning" is able to maintain so consistently such a mood of prescience. For this novel is no mere atmospheric *tour de force*, it has its roots very firmly in everyday life, in the commonplaces of existence which must go on, whatever threatens the emotions of the individual.

Miss Hull has reversed the usual order of presenting one's story first and letting the mood follow after, if at all, by establishing her emotional tone in the very beginning and giving out her story only bit by bit with a fine effect of suspense. A single character arriving in a hot Middle Western town is introduced first. Through her reactions to the place, to her lack of welcome, the reader comes to know gradually the complicated family group of which this visitor is a member. The Amy Westover of this sultry day of homecoming is revealed in minute personal detail; but the Amy Westover of yesterday, the day before, of last year is only to be known a little at a time through random thoughts, fears, wishes, and association of ideas. As Amy meets the other Westovers, the spreading matriarchal family of the town, the reader meets them, sees them through Amy's eyes, hears this and that about them from their relatives, and remembers more of them out of an old family past.

As the characters slowly become rounded into individuals, so does the family grow into a personality: a personality rent by antagonistic desires and ambitions and inheritances, divided against itself but proud and single-fronted against the world. Even death does not relax the family tie, a secret that should long have been a-grave rises during this humid, taxing summer to shunt the Westovers, rebellious, to certain alloted places. Miss Hull has not been tempted to paint another American family in its lowest common denominator. The Westovers are good, bad, and indifferent; they have not been created to prove a point; they are permitted the grace of peculiarities.

Miss Hull has written a novel of relationships, their varieties and likenesses, their subtleties and obviousness. There is the central relation, obliquely presented, between Amy and her off-stage husband. This presents the more modern aspect of the marriage problem, wherein the aim of two is no longer to become one but to remain, with whatever difficulty and disadvantage, two. The tie between Amy's father and mother is closer-binding, almost the Victorian ideal. But with the grandmother and grandfather, the shadowy, discussable interloper which is now threatening Amy's married life, had lifted a solider, uglier head. Amy, seeking her own solution, watches and listens; she is surrounded by examples of Westover marriage; what does she learn? That everything changes; that everything remains the same. There are the relationships between mothers and sons, and fathers and daughters, and that fullest and freshest of all between Amy and her mother which escapes both sentimentality and irony, and shows us life instead.

"Heat Lightning" is Miss Hull's best novel. Her work is marked by a steady growth in the technique of presenting the material. All her books have been rich in ideas, her intent has always been clear and worth attending to, but in the earlier novels characterization sometimes failed of complete birth, bits of the typical were left adhering to the individuals, and in both "The Islanders" and "The Asking Price" the edges of the thesis showed a little through the thin spots in the story. No such criticisms can be made of "Heat Lightning." Here the slender central theme of the emotional life of Amy Westover holds steadily in the foreground with the complexly woven fabric of family life for patterned setting.

HELEN HULL

Chasing Balloons

THREE LOVES. By A. J. Cronin. Boston: Little Brown & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by Basil Davenport

"THREE LOVES," by the author of "Hatter's Castle," is another dour, thrawn, and memorable book. Its setting is the same as that of "Hatter's Castle"—the Scottish Lowlands, among the petty bourgeoisie of that particular grade to whom social position is so all-important because it is so uncertain, since in a generation they may rise to unquestioned gentility or sink quite below the level of respectability. The heroine of this book, Lucy Moore, is just between the worlds, having a brother who is a priest and something of a power in the Roman church, and a brother-in-law who is a publican. For such a woman to lose, or to see her son lose, the precarious position they enjoy, is more bitter than the loss of a throne to a king of this generation; it is the modern equivalent of the Aristotelian " fall of princes."

In other ways, too, this book demands, with real right, the often abused comparison with Greek tragedy. The author lets us know in the beginning what the general course of the story is to be, giving up the effect of surprise, and depending, and with good reason, on his management of the catastrophe, and our pity and terror at something we know to be inescapable, to maintain our interest. Before the story is well advanced, Lucy's cousin-in-law Anna warns her that she is too wrapped up in her husband, her son, and her religion—"The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost," Anna flippantly calls them—and says, "You'll find out you've been chasing Balloons. . . . You squeeze the balloon that hard you're going to burst it one of these days." Those are the three loves of the title, and that is the story. Now you know, in essence, all that you have to expect—but you will find that you cannot for any length of time abandon this long book till you find out how it comes about.

In the management of the story, too, Mr. Cronin preserves the tragic balance between misfortune and weakness in causing the calamity. It is always Lucy's fierce possessiveness that loses her what she is gripping, from the beginning when her jealousy first drives her husband to another woman and then causes his death, till the end when, catching at Jesus as all she has left, she enters a nunnery, which proves to be a last fatal step. But though Lucy pulls down the pillars of her world herself, she is not merely wrong-headed; she would not do so if it were not for ill luck. Thus her jealousy is not altogether causeless, but springs from a chain of circumstances; and the accident by which, in trying to overtake her husband for a last appeal, she loses him eternally, is as fine a piece of ironic fate as anything in Hardy. The architecture of the whole book is highly admirable; there is, for instance, in the second of three books a long episode with a Miss Hocking, an eccentric old maid who goes mad, which seems at first to be good but extraneous, but which is reflected with stunning effect in the last book, as Lady Macbeth's speech "A little water clears us of this deed" is seen fully only in the reflected candle-light of the sleep-walking scene.

And yet, though this is a most unusually good book, it is not a great book. Its failure is in the characterization. Of Lucy, though we follow her closely for five hundred and fifty pages, we know only that she is determined, possessive, and over-confident of her own wisdom, three qualities which are hardly more than facts of a single one. She is given exactly the kind of strength and the kind of weakness necessary to her suicidal story, but nothing else. The other characters, the husband who is simply weak, the son who is simply selfish, and the minor actors, are even less realized. The persons who stand out in the mind are Miss Hocking, whose behavior and conversation while she is still on the border-line of sanity are finely rendered, and the nuns, who are pictured as living in a world with unearthly, beautiful heights and terrifying, shadowy depths. It almost seems as if Mr. Cronin were more at home with abnormal psychology than with sanity. It is certainly true that in his books, long and full as they are, he has not been able to round out his characters into a third dimension. "Three Loves" is satisfying, but abstract, like a demonstration in Euclid; it is not solid and satisfying, like a temple.

A Saga of the Fur Men

THE LONG RIFLE. By Stewart Edward White. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby

ALMOST unnoticed by critics, the historical novel has been creeping back into popularity and also into excellence. It is a curious genre, strong and flourishing in one period, weak or banal in another, according to the vigor of the flow of life blood from legitimate history which is pumped into its arteries. Its authors must be romancers of merit, but they must be scholars too. When they lack historical sense and historical curiosity, they write such feeble stuff as our "Westerns" or the pretentious emptiness of the pompous seventeenth century historical romance. But when, like Sir Walter Scott, they are passionate antiquarians and patriotic lovers of their country's past, a great fiction may result.

When Professor Turner, some three decades ago, swung the attention of American historians toward the frontier, he opened a rich and vigorous period of American historical writing—and gave American romancers a new opportunity. Cooper and Simms, our first capable romancers of the frontier, were least at ease when they were most historical. Their best material was traditional or from word of mouth. When they turned to documents they had to rely chiefly upon the conventional histories of American political and military events. But the historical romancers of the twentieth century have a whole library of special studies, diaries, travels, records, interpretations, brought into print, or revived, by the industry of a generation of research scholars. They have profited.

The Virginia and Kentucky stories of Miss Roberts and Miss Johnston, the narratives of Boyd, of Christopher Ward, the growing library of stories of Indian life, are scattered examples from an extensive literature which shows how sharp has been the stimulus and how interesting the result.

Stewart Edward White's last book is a contribution to this increasing literature. It is not as rich in its literary texture as Miss Roberts's somewhat mannered stories, or so novel in its material as some of the inside interpretations of Indian life, but it would be hard to find a book that better illustrates the virtues of the new school. Daniel Boone is in the background. He begins the story at a professional shooting in Western Pennsylvania, where, for the first time, the long rifle with its patched ball is produced by an old craftsman and wins. The scene is exciting, it is also a reconstruction of local history, vivid, explicit, significant—not just an adventure, but the past given flesh and blood by authentic detail.

The tale itself, however, is of a later period, where a grandson of Boone's friend carries the same long rifle into the far West with the "mountain men" who are making their last stand against the great companies who are commercializing the fur trade. With his companions he opens the Santa Fé trail, then swings northward into the Rockies, where they find a virgin valley, rich in furs. They are captured by the Blackfeet, adopted into the tribe, learn Indian ways, push into the great desert, and on to the Pacific:—it is a saga of the fur men who went before the explorers, as adventurous as a movie, strong in its characterization, unified by the restless craving for new routes in the wilderness symbolized by the spirit of Daniel Boone, romantic, and yet held to a convincing reality by the authentic history which the author has organized, retold, and brought to life in the characters of his story.

This is the proper method of the historical romance. Only the illusion of reality should be perfect, and one grudges Mr. White's occasional lapses into impersonal chronicle, and even the brief bibliography at the end of the book. His story carries its own conviction of imaginative historical truth.

The New Copyright Bill

(*Continued from page* 630)

Act, to affix notice of copyright to a work."

The Bill further provides that in respect of infringements occurring in cases where the owner has consented to publication without notice, or where omission of notice has misled the infringer, it being demonstrable that the latter has acted without intent to infringe, there shall be no remedy other than injunction except where the infringer has undertaken a substantial expenditure. Since registration and affixing of notice insures that in event of infringement the owner of copyright is entitled to injunctive relief; recovery of damages due to infringement; such part of the profits of the infringer as may justly be attributed to the infringement; in cases where just relief cannot be given as above, statutory damages, and at the conclusion of the action the destruction of all infringing articles owned by the infringer, it needs no argument to demonstrate the wisdom of prompt registration and affixing of notice.

The foregoing rulings, together with a provision of the bill establishing literary matter as part of that copyright material for the use of which the radio interests must ask permission, the length of term of copyright, and a proviso for the impounding of works imported into the United States in contravention of copyright, are the features of the Act which would seem most to concern the individual author. We have selected them from the general matter of the Bill as being its articles most likely to have pertinence for the reader of the *Saturday Review*. But the Copyright Law in all its aspects is of interest and importance. Last year's measure, hotly contested and narrowly lost, cost long labor and bitter disappointment to its defendants. This year's Bill has been carefully drawn with a view to meeting the objections which brought its predecessor to defeat. It deserves support and acceptance.

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Psychology on Trial

PSYCHOLOGY: Science or Superstition. By GRACE ADAMS. New York: Covici-Friede. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

DR. GRACE ADAMS has rendered the story of psychology in sprightly manner. Her Ph.D. has not deprived her of either humor, satire, or humanity. She holds an unflattering mirror up to psychology and psychologists and cares not who sees his reflection therein, or how he likes the portrait. With all its lighter turns and fair impeachments, it presents enough of the serious issues around which have engaged the controversies academic, clinical, and unparliamentary, of that contentious discipline. It is all well worth doing and very well done. It is popularization of superior quality, in that it embodies the critical temper, even when journalistic in tone. The pages are frankly addressed to the public, and the public will accept them with relish and digest them with benefit. So far all to the good.

The subtitle is distinctly unfair. Psychology may have a questionable title-deed to a homestead in the community of the sciences, but it is not superstition. It may be quite too much opinion and quite too little fact; it may be an academic muddle or a cultist contention; it may still be, despite all its drastic purging and iconoclastic redemption, tradition-ridden and engaged in ploughing seas with an untested compass; but its quest has no touch of superstitious misguidance, not even of quixotic tilting. It may be floundering in its premises and thobbing in its conclusions; it is unquestionably far more subject than its brethren of the naturalistic sciences, to the predilections of faith and temperament and the intolerant championships of accepted positions, at times verging upon cults; but when the damning charges have been spent with machine-gun deadliness, the project of a valid discipline remains undefeated.

The battleground is properly staged in American territory. It is not pretentious to subscribe to the summarizing paragraph of her preface:

> Many European countries have their own national brands of psychology, but America has had all brands. Since William James in 1868 brought home with him from Germany the tidings of a possible science of the mind, the history of psychology in America has been in the broadest sense the history of psychology.

That fact is unassailable, and through its pertinence, it is proper to recite in dramatic manner the life work of American psychologists. The premier on the honor roll is William James, whose engaging charm is as enduring as the intrinsic value of those two seemingly formidable tomes which Cattell calls the Declaration of Independence of psychology, but which James himself, after his earlier enthusiasm was spent, described as "a loathesome, distended, tumified, dropsical mass, testifying to nothing but two facts: first that there is no such thing as a science of psychology; and, second, that W. J. is an incapable."

It recounts the career of Stanley Hall, to whom is due the catholicity of present-day psychology, the popular interest in child study, and the sponsorship of the Freudian dispensation, along with the official recognition of psychology as an academic as well as a clinical profession. It pictures that strongly Teutonized Briton on the American scene, Titchener, imperially disseminating the position of Wundt, and repudiating any taint of utility or application in the pure science of the mind. It covers the rebellious onslaught of Watsonian behaviorism, first pleading with academic propriety for the validity of the objective approach, and then openly defying all vested interests, and announcing a new régime of salvation by conditioning, consigning all else to a growing collection of wastebaskets. Clearly this is no pacific tale, nor is there any imminent shadow of a millennium.

Psychology doubtless needs chastening. Testers, psychoanalysts, personnel experts, character readers, social readjusters, industrial reformers, have all proclaimed too confidently, and the boldest of them too irresponsibly, the value of their wares. And within the more academic domain, where principles root and theories blossom, the contradictions are confusing and the intolerances unworthy. Yet this momentous issue can hardly be adequately presented in an over-the-teacups discussion, however informed. But the idea of taking the public into one's confidence is a good one. If by these indiscreet revelations, the dignity of the psychological guild is somewhat lessened, and its prestige suffers, the issue need not be unduly regretted. None the less, psychology has made great strides and is destined to exert an increasing influence upon the thoughts and ways of living of reflective humanity.

The Southern Americas

GREATER AMERICA: An Interpretation of Latin America in Relation to Anglo-Saxon America. By WALLACE THOMPSON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

WALLACE THOMPSON has well nigh achieved the impossible. He has written a book dealing with all Latin America and made it intelligible.

This is not only because he can write. He has a facile pen and a pleasing one. The book never lags for lack of readability. But the reason it has more coherence than most of the volumes which have been written on Latin America is that the author thinks of the great mass of territory to the south and southeast of us with its 100,000,000 people as a part of the world which the irresistible forces of economic and cultural progress are drawing into closer and closer relations with the United States.

This is the main theme of his book. The descriptions of the various countries and the references to their people and problems have vastly more significance for the North American reader in relation to this theme than the most minute and painstaking descriptions of a score of nations related neither to us nor to each other.

Mr. Thompson has set forth in admirable fashion the growing conviction of those who have most to do with our American neighbors that their future and ours are inextricably intertwined. The primary incentive on our part may be that the southern Americas are the world's "Last Treasure House" and that our incessant urge for material improvement will drive us southward to explore and develop. But the response of the American of the South is just as spontaneous and just as inevitable. He yearns for the things which the United States can give him and give him in larger measure than any or all of the countries of Europe.

Thus irresistibly, argues Mr. Thompson, the Americas are being drawn together into what, with prophetic vision, he calls "Greater America." If his enthusiasm sometimes gets ahead of his story, he will be readily forgiven. The tempo of the time is sufficiently rapid to close the breach without delay. He estimates the population of Latin America at 120,000,000, and then says "Perhaps 20,000,000 outside Brazil are Indian, in race and culture—a generous estimate." One is left a bit in doubt as to the direction of Mr. Thompson's generosity.

When he comes to dealing with the Mexican propensity to glorify the Indian heritage Mr. Thompson has some very pertinent and penetrating things to say. "The efforts to reverse the currents of progress have failed, as they must always fail." Equally worthy of careful thought are the author's comments upon the cultural relations of Latin America and our own country.

> Latin America, as it has developed and is now developing, is today actually closer in its ideals and in its tendencies to the United States than it is to old Spain or to any of the various elements, from the Indian down to the most recent European or Asiatic, that has entered into its make-up.

If Latin America were, as is so generally assumed, a land of plentiful and cheap labor, there might be some doubt of the ultimate development along lines of closer relationship with Anglo-Saxon America. But Mr. Thompson effectually demolishes that assumption. Latin America is a land of cheap labor, where cheap refers to price and quality. But it is not a land of plentiful labor. Its inherent need of machines and labor-saving processes is identical with that which has directed the progress of this country.

Add to this that its people have the same human traits, the same wants, the same desires, as those of us whom Fate assigned to live north of Cancer, and Mr. Thompson's thesis is fairly proved. His description of the tightening of all the bonds of commerce and industry, the ships, the rails, the roads, the airways, the cables, the telephones, and the radio, but drives his point further home.

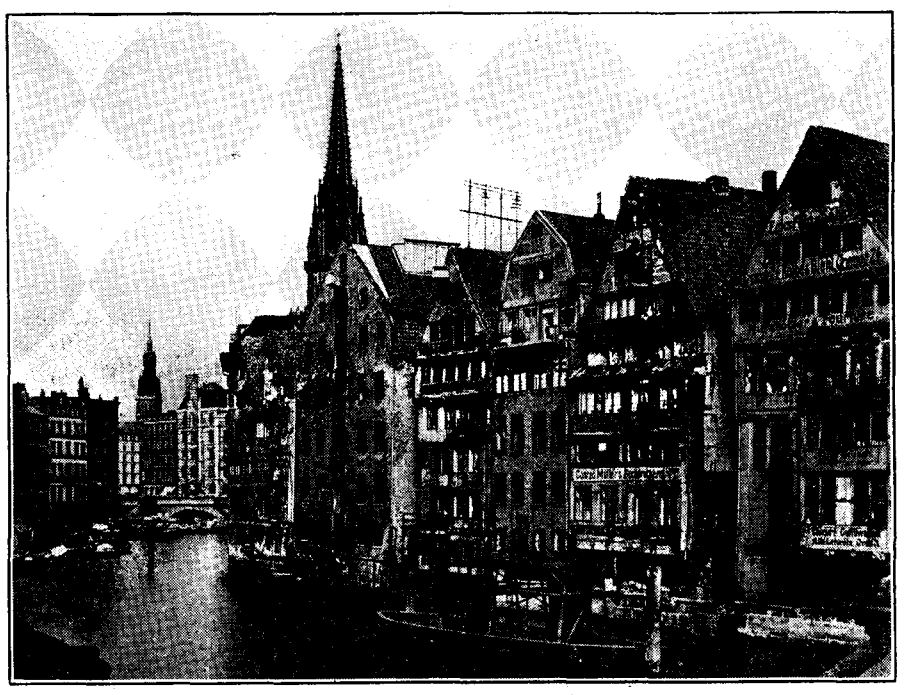
This volume takes its place at once in any list of important boks on Latin America.

A contributor to *John o' London's Weekly*, writing of Felicia Hemans, says:

"At an early age she was encouraged by a devoted mother to write poems, and her proud parents rashly published a book of them in 1808, when she was only fourteen years old. Harsh criticism is said to have been bestowed on this innocent beginning, but strangely enough, Shelley came into possession of the book, and, having had promising reports of her personal charms, wrote to her inviting her to correspond with him. Felicia, perhaps not liking the fiery egoism of Shelley, coolly declined; but Shelley sent other letters until the poor girl got her mother to speak to Shelley's friends about it, and the friends induced him to stop bothering Felicia."

The death is announced in Tokyo of Setsuko Koizumi, the widow of Lafcadio Hearn, the famous writer on Japan, who died in 1904.

A copy of Goldsmith's poem "The Haunch of Venison," published in 1776 at one shilling, has been sold in London for £78.



HAMBURG, THE CITY OF GLUCKEL OF HAMILN

Absorbing Memoirs

THE MEMOIRS OF GLUCKEL OF HAMELN. Translated by MARVIN LOWENTHAL. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

IN this volume, the work of a Jewish woman who lived in Hamburg during the turn of the seventeenth-eighteenth century, we have that rare thing, an account of the life of an ordinary woman, told, not to arouse pity or to incite scorn, but in the direct terms of her own life. The book, however, is not an ordinary book, not only because it is a rarity, but because the writer has strong, native literary gifts. The reader may object that a person with striking literary gifts is not ordinary. Yet, this book suggests that it may be not his "genius" but the circumstances and stresses of a literary career that divert a writer out of the ways of ordinary life, specialize his mind, and specialize his reactions to the weathers of a daily living, and make him feel himself apart from his fellows in a self-conscious division of the world into halves—himself and his public.

Gluckel had no public other than her children; and she had no literary career. She wrote the book in her old age, as a solace in her widowhood, and as a means to pass the long and troublesome hours of a period of sleeplessness. The writing perhaps was an unconscious act of self-defense by a masterful nature. To prevent her memories mastering her, she wrote to master her memories; when they kept her from sleep she put them to sleep in her beautiful little books, and so won peace for herself.

The memoirs are absorbing, but after reading them we are puzzled to find a reason. Not one of the characters, Gluckel herself included, was a notable person; not one of the events remarkable; nor is the style one that holds us fascinated by a continuous play of wit. The reason, of course, is that it is absorbing as life is absorbing. Life is vital, is immediate in these pages, not withdrawn into commentary. And expressiveness was one of the characteristics of that life. We may be sure that the shrewd and honest woman who wrote this book did some excellent talking in her life, that her family and her friends heard much literature in the raw. Her story is the tale of an ordinary life; its incidents are marriages, the birth of children, the cares of a household, the marrying off of children, dowries, religious observances, the conduct of business, illnesses, and death. Precious as the book is for itself, it is precious also as a historical source book. In it we find the life of Gluckel's times as plain as our own.

The Jews of Gluckel's period suffered a terrible disaster in which hundreds of thousands perished. Its refugees overflowed into the few secure Jewish communities. Twelve of the sick were harbored in Gluckel's small house. Even in the secure communities, the Jews were subject to constant persecution. Crimes of violence upon them were frequent because by law they were ill-defended state chattels, not citizens. Discriminatory taxation made the burden of life heavier for them. They could not own real property. Although they were restricted to trade they were allowed to attend the big commercial fairs only for a few days at the end. And they could travel to and fro only by paying heavy license fees and bribes.

The Jews managed to accommodate themselves to these hard conditions. Under its stress two institutions, the family and religion, were strengthened, though they crippled Jewish life in other directions. Their family life was one of intense coöperation. A Jewish woman of necessity was not only a mother and a housewife, but an active partner in her husband's business. For that reason a rare equality existed in the Jewish home, the equality that everywhere accompanies economic responsibility. Religion, and the learning based on it, came by its overdevelopment, because it was the Jew's refuge for pride and self-respect. Despised as a citizen, he found his compensations in the religion that exalted his race. These realities are brought home to us with wonderful vividness in Gluckel's plain chronicle.

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The Bowling Green

First Impressions

(from Our Special Correspondent)

Regent Palace Hotel
LONDON

A LETTER is long past due, but you can't, as you know very well, just glance at London and then sit down and write about it. I landed Waterloo Sta. from Southampton. H. met me at Waterloo and steered the cab to the above Hotel. Couldn't really be more in the middle of things, as I notice the map I lost no time in buying has Piccadilly Circus as the axis of all London. (By the way Piccadilly is from Piccadiloes, those ruff collars we old portrait lovers are so familiar with.) H. had arranged a trip to Edinburgh via the Flying Scotsman. So I had no time to take a deep breath of England before I was whisked away north. We stayed three days in Edinburgh, I sent you a souvenir card from there, mentioning my pilgrimage to R. L. S' birthplace at 8, Howard Place. Somehow or other H. and I had started the day rather late and we never caught up. We had sneaked into the dining room of the hotel (North British Station) just in time to get in. I noticed a bit of confusion and sensed that we had upset things a bit. I said to the waiter—"I suppose the cook had something to say about our being late?"—"Weel, you ken joost surmeese it."

We called on the *Castle,* amusing ourselves on the way up by inquiring the way of the natives.

A word of tribute to the "Flying Scotsman." I've wasted a lot of money rushing about U. S. A. on so called luxurious fast trains. They're New Haven locals compared to the F. S. It hit 90 m. per hour for quite a stretch and my tea stayed right in the cup. And H. having got excited to the extent of getting First Class tickets —Well, it was the first train ride I ever really enjoyed. I was sorry when we reached London, if that isn't sacrilege. Incidentally, and I won't forget this when less famous trains are late, it pulled into each destination at 6:15 P. M. *on the nose,* as expected.

F., G., J. B. and D. R. have all acted host in the most gracious manner, hiding as best they could the excitement caused by my mentioning that this was my first trip to London. Had dinner at George's one night last week and awoke next morning safe in bed at the Hotel with no recollection of having *left* George's. J. B. had me to lunch one Sunday at his chambers in the Temple. Later he took me around the grounds and showed me where Dr. Johnson had touched a post, where Goldsmith's nose had flattened against a pane, where Lamb was born—*and* (here he had me take off my hat) where Sinclair Lewis wrote *Arrowsmith.* I love to watch J. B.'s face while he's listening to some one, and preparing his answer. Actually the answer's all ready; he's just waiting to spill it.

Spent Sunday with H. M. Tomlinson at Croydon. Another very real human being. He had taken me to lunch at the Savage Club a few days before and I made faint mental notes of a few things he said; one of them perhaps I inspired—"Man is God's own failure." Another, in speaking of the Chino-Jap imbroglio:—"The average Chinese coolie is a better man than anyone in this room." All right by me.

Being born in N. Y. I'm used to, we'll say, big cities. But London isn't a big city—its London. That's as far as I'd ever be able to describe it. There are of course various points and parts than can be visited and enjoyed but London seems more than the sum of all its parts, remarkable and numerous as they are.

Spent most of a day at Westminster Abbey. Most of the day in the Norman section. Not much time in the newer or World War wing. I'll be going to Germany next week and I'm very curious to see if I discover any World War Memorials that look as if they were born of fervor rather than commissions. The stained glass windows in the Abbey commemorating the War are most commonplace in design and color and show to a terrible disadvantage after viewing the ancient, simple windows with their lovely hearaldic arrangement. More pitiably—this is probably heresy—the inscription on the Unknown Soldier's tomb seemed stilted and forced after the simple tablets of Hardy, Dickens, Jonson, etc., etc. . . . the Freedom of the World hasn't much point now.

Remembering your O RARE BEN JONSON analysis I naïvely inquired of one of the Abbey attendants what was the correct reading. He replied—"Oh, rare Ben Jonson." No doubt about it. Anyway he confided to me, what he said was not generally known—that Jonson occupies his grave, at the other end of the Abbey, in a *vertical* position rather than the conventional horizontal. Some complication about lack of funds for a full six feet of earth, foreseen by Ben J. and the unusual position requested by him in his last words.

Paid a reverential call on the British Museum but turned left coming in instead of right and spent most of a morning looking at Persian jeweled daggers (must have seemed funny to watch the lovely rubies and emeralds glistening in your tummy) netsukes, Buddhas, inros, etc. etc. Spent the rest of the day with the books and MSS, devoting my first steps to the magnificent first folio in the Central Case. In fact there are *two* first folios, one not so good but I'd take it. And to see that you *don't* take it two stout guards with keen eyes and black mustaches hover about while you're leaning all over the glass.

Saw the Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace one morning and was struck by the *tempo* of the ceremony more than anything else. Of course I've never seen anything more thrilling, but I respected more the lack of hurry, the slow measured walk of the troops, than the actual grandeur of the spectacle. Seemed symbolic. If you were to ask me what, of all London, most struck me, I'd say without hesitation—the London Bobby. He looks so impregnable. It was some time before I summoned courage sufficient to actually speak to one of them. It was a foolish question, but the face never moved—the lips of course moved a little—though what the mind thought I can't imagine. "A fine body of men" and I'd like to see the hostile army could take London with *them* patrolling the streets! Happy thought—disband the army and navy, London's safe with the Bobby.

London is full of pavement artists and all sorts of street performers, but I've yet to be approached by a panhandler. I know what New York is in that respect—we have the panhandlers, London has the dole. I haven't noticed the *visible* distress here which is evident in New York. Nor do I find a constant mention of it in the press. Rather is there more talk of "Conditions" and the "depression" in America. The new 10% tariff went into effect yesterday and as this is a new departure for John Bull (new after seventy years of Free Trade) the papers are full of congratulations or other comment depending on what stand they originally took. Strube's cartoons are a scream. I wish he'd tackle the American scene. But speaking of cartoonists I wonder in what year will be born the man destined to do the London taxi-driver as he is. I'm assuming he won't change in the meantime as I believe he hasn't since he abandoned his horse. I've afforded some of these walrus mustachioed chaps a bit of annoyance because of my bad habit of suddenly stepping off the curb and looking *left.* Then I hear a brake jammed on, some words—rare and unintelligible, moving lips and a withering look. Happy thought—must try looking to the right.

Haven't yet mastered the intricacies of the Pub entrances. Three doors—three signs—*Private Bar, Saloon Bar, Public Bar.* Depends on your social status as I almost understand it, but as I'm not certain of mine I barge in the door nearest me and forget about it. Curious other customs, too. I went in a Wine Shop today for a pint of Black & White. "You'd have to take two small bottles, Sir; Can't sell less than that, or one large bottle." So had to get a "small bottle" at a Pub.—The price, 6/6, present rate of exchange $1.30.

Mustn't keep this up—though possibly could. A few pertinent memories—

Old Gentlemen in Bumpus' bookshop, invited to sit down by courteous clerk. O. G. replies, "No, I'd only have to get up again."

Prices of necessities in Lyons'—
Tea, per Pot—3 d.
Butter per Pat—1 d.

My Horror at first taste of an English oyster. The waiter's horror at my leaving them.

My concern about the impending downpour on seeing all the umbrellas, my rushing to buy one, my failure to see a drop of rain since I arrived.

The astonishing number of tobacco shops. A nation of tobacconists?

Amusement at finding in Billingsgate, a *Love Lane* (S.E. 1). There is, however, a Love Lane at *E.C.* 2 and one at *S.W.* 9 also.

The long standing queues of people at movies, theatres, etc. Also surprised to see a long line of *Buyers* waiting to enter the British Industries Fair. What other people would keep buyers waiting? What other buyers would wait?

Absolute superiority of London underground over N. Y. Subway. The velour seats with comfortable arm rests, the unbroken rows of pipe smokers, the reassuring maps showing progress by stations.

Fact that, according to advertisement, in London—"9 *out of* 10 have Pyorrhea and don't know it." So much worse than 4 out of 5.

Numbers of strikingly handsome young women in evening dress striding alone, quite alone, eyes front every evening on way to meet sweety. (And won't I remember *that* when some one wants me to call for her!)

Suit I bought, the trousers of which are an effective chest-protector.

Here's a sign, and a big healthy one, over the bar in *The Friend at Hand*

LADIES UNACCOMPANIED
BY A GENTLEMEN ARE
REQUESTED TO LEAVE
AFTER A REASONABLE
TIME FOR REFRESHMENT

J. B. told me about a cable recently received by one of the newspaper correspondents from his editor—"Run Lindbergh baby—kill China"

Can't resist telling you I found myself yesterday on *Wimpole Street,* on my way to B. T. Batsford's. And a few moments later on *Baker Street.*

W. S. H.

* * * *

Hotel de l'Univers et du Portugal
PARIS

Had a most delightful evening last night with Bruce Marshall, the author of the well-loved *Father Malachy's Miracle.* He is trying to find out what became of our own Gabrielle Bompard of the Red and White Girdle. It seems it's difficult to get information going after it cold. A private detective, former inspector of the Sûreté, to whom he applied, stated "Pour procéder a une enquête, le prix est de *Mille Francs.* Si mes conditions vous agréent, veuillez me faire parvenir cette somme, ainsi que toutes indications utiles, et les investigations commenceront aussitôt." This seems excessive, so B. M. is waiting for the return to Paris of a friend who knows the ropes (the red and white ones.)

I've been in excellent good humor here; no special reason but everything strikes me as amusing. The place even *sounds* funny, the constant horns with their toots and squeaks kept me in a Halloween mood. And the gendarmes! Whereas all the London police are taller than I, these

GABRIELLE BOMPARD

little shavers are all shorter. The London constable on point duty never does more than wheel and raise a white-sleeved arm. All traffic stops, no fuss, no noise. Here it's much more exciting. There's no trouble getting the waiting line to move; it's something else getting the moving line to stop. Gendarme waves his white baton at them and keeps on waving it even after they have stopped, much after the fashion of Toscanini. Accompanying all this a furious exchange of comment between the gendarme and the enemy.

Take note of this little hotel with the big name. 35 fr per day, and a franc is worth about 5c. My total bill 209.50 fr including 4 meals, 4 vins etc. Paris bristles with *défense* signs, *défense* this, *défense* that. I write this on train to Calais, and here's one right under my nose: defense de se pencher au dehors. All right, I won't.

Spent most of yesterday in the Louvre. Only American painting I saw was Whistler's Mother. We are much better represented on Montmartre with the movie posters however.

Things looked pretty blue in Paris. Hotels almost empty, and I imagine Paris prosperity is in exact ratio to that of the hotels? I had to hang around the lobby of *Grand Hotel* almost an hour waiting to get London on the phone and during that time I didn't see ten patrons although there were at least twice that number of anxious employees fidgeting about. Very depressing for them. It is entirely possible that with the exception of our ambassador (I haven't forgotten his name; I never knew it) I was the sole American in Paris.

Crossing the channel twice (S. S. *Maid of Kent*) gave me a new respect for Trudy Ederle. Dodging the shipping alone must have been something. What they need is a gendarme in a rowboat in mid-Channel with of course his baton. At night, stick a light on the end of it. Arriving at Dover could see the French cliffs very plainly. It was 5 p.m. and the sun hit them horizontally.

My little street directory of Paris is almost a biographical dictionary. From my window at the hotel I looked down on the rue Robespierre, and a sign on the rear of another hotel directing its patrons to the entrance rue J. J. Rousseau. M. Briand died while I was there and no doubt there'll be a rue Briand next week. As Housman said, with rues my heart is laden. Excuse it please.

W. S. H.

* * * *

By coincidence we were able to find the only portrait we have ever seen of Gabrielle Bompard, the enigmatic heroine of the Red and White Girdle.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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A VARIETY OF TOPICS

Salvaging Gold

SEVENTY FATHOMS DEEP. By DAVID SCOTT. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by
COMMANDER EDWARD ELLSBERG

THE appearance at this time of Mr. Scott's book, "Seventy Fathoms Deep with the Divers of the Salvage Ship *Artiglio*" shows, I am afraid, that newspaper men have considerably less patience than salvagers are forced to cultivate.

A year or so back, I think, it was announced that Mr. Scott, press correspondent with the *Artiglio* expedition, would, as soon as the *Egypt's* gold was salvaged, publish the story under the title of "Seventy Fathoms Deep." That year is gone, the gold is still unrecovered, the salvagers are looking forward to the coming spring and the commencement of this, their fourth year's struggle with the sea for the *Egypt's* gold. But Mr. Scott, unable to restrain himself longer, has decided to publish as a book what he has now, which is unfortunate, for the curtain comes down, so to speak, at the end of the second act and the reader is given a fragment only of a story destined, when the *Egypt* adventure is over, to be one of the classic salvage exploits of our time.

Such of the adventure as is here related, is oddly enough, little of a diving story and very much a story of the sea. As in most cases of sunken treasure, the first and most difficult problem was to find the wreck. The adventures of these Italian seamen for two seasons as they swept the ocean floor, searching thirty miles at sea for a wreck four hundred feet down; their experiences with "diviners" and other frauds who, playing on their superstitions, sought to show them a quick way out of a seemingly endless sweeping job; their failures with the miracles of "modern science," too fragile to be of real use to them; and their final success in finding the wreck due to downright doggedness and their own good seamanship—these things will delight the heart of any one who knows the sea and thrills to the tale of the sailor triumphant over landlubber folly as well as over ocean fury.

The finding of the *Egypt* was in itself a triumph of which Italian sailors may well be proud; but in the case in question, it was merely the prelude to the real work in hand, the recovery of some five million dollars in gold which, in this instance, the vessel is known to have carried.

And here comes in a paradox. Because of the depth, of diving in any accepted sense little or none was ever attempted on the *Egypt*. Practically all the work was done by fishing from the surface, guided as well as possible by an imprisoned observer below. The fantastic suit of diving armor whose picture adorns the jacket of the book, was quickly abandoned as being useless for real work. The divers never moved about in it under their own power in the depths where the *Egypt* lay; instead, locked inside a far more practicable jointless steel shell, strangely reminiscent of an Egyptian mummy case, they hung suspended on a line from the surface, helpless to do anything except peer out the portholes and advise over a telephone their shipmates on the *Artiglio* above, what luck they on the surface were having fishing in the depths with many weird contrivances.

If this is diving, then Dr. Beebe, going down twelve hundred feet encased in a generally similar pressure-tight ball, is the world's champion diver, and compared with him, the Italians were mere amateurs. But Beebe in his shell is no deep sea diver, and neither were the Italians; both were merely observers, submarine eyes for surface workers.

And it speaks volumes for the skill and ingenuity of the *Artiglio's* crew that without divers capable of doing useful work on the wreck, with dynamite, with dangling hooks, with weird looking grabs, all directed, placed, and controlled from the topside and checked only by the observations possible to a man locked in a steel shell straining to see through a little glass port in the vague light of the deep sea—it is remarkable, I think, that the Italians have done so well in cutting their way down into the *Egypt's* hulk.

The third season's work closed last fall with the salvagers believing themselves with a clear path at last opened into the treasure room for their grab mechanism—all the upper decks blasted away, the wreckage torn clear by hooks, the gold exposed. Perhaps. Salvage work is one disappointment after another; it is too much to expect that the salvagers troubles are over. But everyone wishes them well as they start their fourth year's work; if ever success was earned, the seamen on the *Artiglio* have earned it.

When the job is over and the intricate gear is stowed away, I trust it is not too much to hope that someone in the *Artiglio's* crew, someone to whom the salvage work on the *Egypt* was not merely a reporting job but a battle won by his will, his heartaches, the life's blood of his shipmates, will give us the whole story, and thereby add another first hand chapter to the lengthening tale of the sailor's triumphs over the sea.

Commander Ellsberg, U. S. N. R., is a naval officer, engineer, and author. He is the inventor of an underwater torch for cutting steel and designed the system used by the United States Navy for salvaging submarines, but he is known to the public at large especially for his salvage operations on S-51 and S-41, and for his books, "On the Bottom" and "Thirty Fathoms Deep."

PASSING STRANGERS

A STORY OF THESE TIMES

BY FELIX RIESENBERG

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HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y.

The Popular Theatre

MASKS, MIMES and MIRACLES. Studies in the Popular Theatre. By ALLARDYCE NICOLL. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1931. $15.

Reviewed by DONALD OENSLAGER
Yale University

THE history of the literary theatre has in recent years received a considerable amount of scholarly and erudite attention. Playwrights, actors, designers, directors have been subjected to a process of recatloguing and cross-referencing. Such men as Leslie Hotson, E. K. Chambers, and Tucker Brook have ventured along devious paths of theatre history and have established new influences and new values in the theatre of the past, so that today the main course of the literary theatre is increasingly clear and direct.

Strangely enough, the development of that "unliterary" theatre—the popular theatre, the theatre of the crowd—has been neglected. Its very "un-literariness," its blasphemous character, the evanescent nature of its performance, are not conducive to the survival of even the memory of those whom one might term "theatre misfits"—the troubadors, the cyther players, the tight rope walkers, the mountebanks. Notwithstanding, one finds sketchy fragments of the material in "Masks, Mimes, and Miracles" in almost all books dealing with the theatre from pre-Periclean Greece to the theatre of the eighteenth century. It cannot be avoided. Reich and Dieterich have treated various phases of it in detail. Recent writers on the *Commedia del Arte* have projected theories, plausible and implausible, on the parallel of the comic of Greece and Rome and the Middle Ages and that of the *Commedia*. No single book has covered this important phase of the theatre.

In "Masks, Mimes, and Miracles" Mr. Nicoll establishes a definite connected history of the popular theatre from the Dorian Mime through the Phlyakes and Atellane performances to Mimes and their decline into Pantomime at Rome. He spotlights the progress of the mimic actors in Europe during the Dark Ages and the appearance of the same comic spirit with the medieval farce players and in such characters as Noah's wife, Herod, and the Devils of the Miracle plays; and finally, he traces the gradual evolution of these characters into the stock figures of the *Commedia*.

Although Mr. Nicoll modestly states "this book is not intended to be a work of 'scholarship.' It aims at appealing to all interested in the theatre," he succeeds in building up point by point, with clarity and scholarly skill, the constant emergence of the popular comic spirit as it blustered from the valleys of Greece through the narrow streets of imperial Rome—from the city on the Bosphorus to the parks of Versaille. Mr. Nicoll traces the line of march of the mimic players, the acrobats, the jugglers, fools, and stock characters of traveling troupes. Theirs is a theatre steeped in tradition—a theatre whose only heritage is tradition. The course of such a theatre is neither easy to follow, nor simple to relate.

Mr. Nicoll already holds a distinguished position as a modern scholar of theatre history. This book alone would entitle him to that rank. He is the first scholar in the English language to establish a continuous chain of tradition in character mask, song, and movement. He brings to his book a quantity of fresh documentary evidence and a wealth of excellent reference material, selected with care and discrimination from a heterogenous mass of scholarly research. These references furnish a complete bibliography in themselves. The appendix is an admirable guide for the study of the *Commedia*. It contains three lists, the first is a list of character parts of the *Commedia* up to the beginning of the eighteenth century. The second is a list of the principal actors with bibliographical references. The third is a list of the chief *scenarii* themselves. Mr. Nicoll re-enforces his theories of continous action with over two hundred graphic illustrations, some familiar and many more new ones of distinct pictorial interest.

"Masks, Mimes, and Miracles" is a book of such wide and general scope, filled with such a variety of fascinating theatre lore, that one finds oneself speculating again and again on the infinite causes and origins not only of our theatre of yesterday, but of today as well.

Founder of the Jesuits

SAINT IGNATIUS. By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES S. RONAYNE

IN this book a Catholic apologist offers a psychological study of the life and character of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits. He endeavors to bring the Ignatian mentality, so to speak, into focus with our modern viewpoint.

Hollis is more of an advocate than a biographer. In his account of the main incidents of the remarkable life of his subject he frequently pauses to make pronouncements on our modern blindness. He is especially impatient with Freudianism and all its offshoots, and he tells us that there is no attitude towards life more horrible than that of the psychologist. He objects to our modern system of scientific specialization, on the principle that the effort to acquire great learning is so large that only those who are not quite sane will undertake it. He pities us for our modern methods of inquiry. He himself finds no great difficulty in accepting pious tales about saints. For example, Ignatius was reported by several of his contemporaries to have sometimes moved in a visible aura of brightness. Hollis accepts this story because, he says, there is no particular reason why God should not have clothed his servant in a robe of light.

His portrait of Ignatius is as blurred and uneven as a badly finished mosaic. He makes no effort to solve the problems which the manifold character of Loyola presents to the careful biographer. He admits that Ignatius lacked a capacity for intellectual pleasure and that he possessed a blind spot as regards the pageant of vivid life. Yet at the same time he writes much about the saint's wonderful influence over those with whom he came in contact. One can readily understand the sweetness and joyousness of a Francis of Assisi, but the magic of the Ignatian personality baffles us. Hollis is equally puzzled and contents himself with recording the fact that Ignatius was a man of charming personality. He does not try to explain wherein the secret of that charm lay.

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Foreign Literature

DER ARZT GION. By HANS CAROSSA. Leipzig: Insel-Verlag. 1931.
DIE GESCHWISTER VON NEAPEL. By FRANZ WERFEL. Vienna: P. Zsolnay. 1931.
IHR GLÜCK—IHR ELEND. By JAKOB SCHAFNER. The same.
SCHLOSS GRIPSHOLM. By KURT TUCHOLSKY. Berlin: E. Rowohlt. 1931.
FEINE LEUTE. By KASIMIR EDSCHMID. Vienna: P. Zsolnay. 1931.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

A NEW book from Hans Carossa is indeed an event to be chronicled in contemporary German literature, for this doctor-poet's writing is small in volume, but of a consistent distinction and significance which no one who studies modern German literature should neglect. That appreciation of his qualities is growing outside Germany is sufficiently proved by the fact that three of his books—out of a total of only six or seven—have been translated into English, namely, his "Rumanian Diary" and his two books of recollection of childhood and youth, "A Childhood," and "Boyhood and Youth."

His latest work, like all of these, is autobiographical, but it is such veritable "emotion recollected in tranquillity" that it can claim to be imaginative writing of a high order. It is the life which the writer knows so well—since his father followed the physician's career and he, having been trained for it, continues it, we believe to this day. "Der Arzt Gion," however, is no realistic record of a doctor's life; the facts are just the framework for a story which again and again touches our emotions and stirs our imagination. Dr. Gion was a young physician, practising his profession in those terrible days of inflation. He has much to do with the poor, and at the beginning he shows us the contrast between a young peasant woman, about to bear a child, and his young artist friend, Cynthia, who cannot bear the idea of motherhood. Emerenz—for that is the name of the peasant girl—has a disease of the blood which makes it dangerous for her to continue her pregnancy, but she begs for the life of her unborn child, whom she eventually bears, dying in so doing. In the meantime other characters come into the doctor's life, a boy whom he rescues from the uncertain livelihood of the street and takes as his laboratory assistant; the charming young sister who helps with the nursing; a woman who has nearly maddened herself with morphia and craves the doctor's help, and a woman patient who returns to offer herself to the doctor. But Gion has been falling deeper and deeper in love with Cynthia, and she has been reacting more and more sympathetically to his philosophy of life, so that at the end there is the idyllic prospect for her and for Gion of happy marriage and motherhood.

As so briefly summarized, the framework of the story may sound a little thin, but it is filled out with a wealth of delicate suggestion difficult to convey to those who know nothing of Carossa's earlier work, but easily anticipated by those who have already made his acquaintance.

Franz Werfel's latest novel takes the reader right into the heart of Naples. Here we have, not the Naples of the tourist, but the prosperous middle-class home, in which three sisters and three brothers—their mother being dead—are dominated by the rigid and correct Signor Pascarella, their father. The daily round of such a family, the occasional break in the monotony—such as the routine visit to the opera at the San Carlo Opera House—is wonderfully evoked. But into this haven—or prison house—of comfort and respectability a bomb is at last to fall. Signor Pascarella is a banker in a small way, and his partner ruins him. Worse, his liberal antipathy to Fascism makes him suspect to the powers that be, and so, although the daughters take on the work of the house, and the three sons emigrate to Brazil in an effort to restore the family fortunes, disaster cannot be averted. The favorite son dies, the father is arrested on a charge of fraudulent bankruptcy, one of the daughters, Annunziata, goes off to become a nun, and—worst blow of all—Grazia, the eldest daughter, who months before had fallen in love at first sight with a middle-aged Scotsman named Campbell, appeals to him and he returns, for he, too, had fallen in love with her. The unhappy father cannot bear the thought that one of his children can have taken such a step without his consent, without even his knowledge, and he will have nothing to do with the man whom he regards as the betrayer of his child, nor with the child whom he considers as having dishonored the family name.

It is the climax of this intense-moving drama of love uninformed with any real understanding of sympathy. Pascarella is the type of such a parent; his protecting hand has really been tyrannical and what he imagined was loving care was merely a form of egoism. In the end, however, the tragedy is averted. Campbell—by some extraordinary anachronism on the novelist's part, or some incredible credulity on the part of the Fascist authorities in Naples—is taken for the late English Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, and by the exercise of his influence, and by paying Signor Pascarella's bills, he secures his release, and true love is triumphant. This is a rather weak ending in some respects, but the earlier part of the book, with its intimate pictures of Neapolitan family life, is unforgettable to anyone who knows that city, and to anyone who has not that pleasure, highly informative.

Jakob Schaffner is a Swiss by birth, and, although he has by now been so long in Germany that he ranks as a German novelist, one of the three stories in the volume "Ihr Glück—Ihr Elend" has his native town of Basle for its background. All three stories have the happiness and torture of women's love for their central theme. In the first it is a German officer's mistress who is the chief character. As he advances in his career, he leaves her to earn a precarious living and she at last commits suicide. The second story is the study of a woman's mind on the eve of her execution for the murder of her husband, with the connivance of her lover. The last story is the most original. It takes the reader into the *petit bourgeois* world of a Swiss town, and shows us the simple typist Elise, her pious fellow-members of the Temperance Society, and the widowed mother of whom the girl is the sole support. A young man in a social position superior to her own awakens passion in her, but her mother opposes the marriage and the girl poisons herself. It is a telling little piece of fiction, and at times Herr Schaffner recalls Maupassant, although he has not succeeded in imitating the conciseness of the French master of this kind of short story.

"Schloss Gripsholm" is what its subtitle promises, a "summer idyll," about a man who takes away his beloved for a summer holiday in Sweden. The journey is delightfully told, with that rich humor and mischievous satire one would expect from the amusing writer who edits the radical satirical review, *Die Weltbühne*, of Berlin. It is rather a pity that much of the wit and humor will be lost on readers who do not succeed in making out all the Low German dialect which is frequently met with in the dialogue. Arrived at the Gripsholm Castle the pair of lovers find, in this idyllic retreat, an ogress in the shape of a schoolmistress who has no sympathy for the girls committed to her charge. One of these ill-treated children appeals to the happy holiday pair, and, after some amusing encounters with the ogress, they get into communication with the child's mother, who is in Switzerland, and secure the child's removal. It is a lighthearted, carefree story, in spite of the ogress.

Kasimir Edschmid's "Feine Leute" is a farce, an uproarious satire. It matters little that, into this Venice—or rather, the Lido—of last summer or the one before that—he has introduced a number of actual persons, such as the Rumanian Minister, M. Titulescu, or the British motor-boat champion, Sir Henry Segrave; it matters little that, apart from these undisguised characters, there are familiar, even, one might say, hackneyed international types, such as the decayed Italian count, selling faked pictures in a palace, or the great art-dealer, who has only to say the word "Tintoretto" for the art-catalogues of the world to call for revision, or the lascivious little American flappers, or the lion-hunting Belgian millionairess, or, finally, the young international tennis-champion, whose entire interests are by no means in that sport. That the theme is well-worn, the characters familiar, some of the jokes hoary chestnuts—this, we repeat, matters little, for the writer has kept up the joke to the end with a verve which carries it all off successfully, and presents us with a highly readable piece of fiction.

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SCIENCE IS THE DISCOVERY OF BEAUTY

Science is the discovery of beauty.
As knowledge grows, so beauty grows with it;
For all that eye can see, or mind can know,
Is beauty: crystals hid in stone and snow;
Five-colored beams in white unbroken light,
Unravelled by no prism, but by thought,
Bright like a rainbow to the inner eye,
Exotic blooms that common splendor bears;
And that conception, grand and mathematical,—
A thing more like geometry than matter,—
Of spheres of fire ranging the deep of dark,
That is our picture of the universe.
Nor such things only, gorgeous or sublime,
That take the imagination easily,
But all that eye can see, or mind can know.
In field and laboratory, day by day,
Men labor, bringing loveliness to light.

A discarded can is beautiful, for tin comes from the earth; we know how and why it was taken.
If we know the facts about a thing, and realize them, we see its beauty.
Nothing exists that lacks it.
Analysis breaks up, and shows the truth;
Things that are taken to pieces flame with beauty.
But ah, the visible splendor of green forgotten ages, of new-found stars!
Ah, the new beauty added to the beautiful!
The greater loveliness of lovely things analyzed!
If scientists had let beauty alone, we might bear her brightness; but they have broken it on diamonds.

FROM "MAN"

Old men and old women, young men and more girls than I can ever hope to kiss,
Children no school could hold, more than could swing on a thousand grapevines,
They throng the earth in millions.
The mass of them crushes the earth.
Two billion people at 100 lbs. weigh one hundred million tons, more than many battleships.
They are fragile objects made by millions because they are so easily broken. So thin a skin keeps the wet blood from drenching the gold hair.
The body is an electric lamp; death so readily turns off the switch.
In ten thousand years there have been thirty billion.
Every day 150,000 are made and 100,000 scrapped.
And all these vary not a hair's breadth one from another;
Even the chemistry of their blood is identical.
This is mass production of a standardized article.
I see the host of them thronging, all alike;
I am moved by the beauty of a throng of bodies.
Crowned with gold or with midnight,
Their legs like ivory pillars, their arms like sceptres,
Their backs curved and bladed,
Their shoulders like white petals, their breasts abloom,
Their buttocks rounded as though blown out by the wind,
They stream in shining hosts.
Each is the same shape again; their parts are alike;
Millions of times repeated;
Millions of buttocks like moons, millions of hands and feet.
I am dizzy with beautiful form repeated,
The thronging of identical loveliness.
Their bodies are like white sunlight: their presence is a blinding splendor;
They strew France like white petals; England is a blooming garden;
My eyes are dazzled with the whiteness of nations.
All Europe they flood as with molten silver;
Africa swarms with gleaming ebony;
The Chinese front the Pacific like sands of gold.

The Cro-Magnons in the caves, the footprints that they made, the women bending over bowls of clay,
The light of stone lamps on their faces, while the wind moaned in the trees;
The brown gleaming bodies of Egypt, black eyes that looked proudly at Karnak;
Half-naked peasants digging the baked Tigris earth—
The stream of their generations, millions on millions poured out— . . . . .

THE lines printed above are taken from ELEMENTS, a new book of poems by Samuel Logan Sanderson; the first published verse of a new poet who is interested in science.

To secure this book address the author, 106 West 47th Street, New York. $2.00

Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

JEFFERS'S LATEST WORK

ROBINSON JEFFERS has already established himself as one of the dominating figures of American poetry. It is not a great number of years since his poem, *Tamar*, first startled the public and awoke the recognition of a new and powerful talent born in the West. Stark tragedy has remained Jeffers's favorite material. The theme of incest appeared, at one time, to have a particular fascination for him, as it had, indeed, for the ancient Greek dramatists. The inhuman face of nature has always seemed to him far more noble and praiseworthy than the tortuous ways of human beings. These become significant to him, seemingly, only in their torture. One interesting enlightening phrase he has given us concerning his latest book, which, like others of his, consists of one long narrative poem and a few short ones. He remarks on the slip-cover of *Thurso's Landing* (Liveright) that the title-poem "seems to me the best thing I have yet written. . . . The time is perhaps more distinctly near the present than usual in my verses; *the persons seem to me to be a little more conscious of the moral implications of what they do.*" Jeffers's philosophy has always been beyond good and evil. He has made himself the recorder of twisted lives, lives often on the verge or over the verge of insanity. But that last remark of his about his present characters seeming more aware of "moral implications" appears to me to be true. Still, underneath, they are the characteristic Jeffers characters. The man of power, the hardened embittered crone, the dreamer brother finally driven mad by inhibitions and hallucinations, the wife whose physical allure wrecks three lives,—and for background the dreary and haunted house in the canyon on the coast south of Monterey, California.

No life
Ought to be more important in the weave
of the world. whatever it may show of
courage or endured pain;
It owns no other manner of shining, in
the broad gray eye of the ocean, at the
foot of the beauty of the mountains
And skies, but to bear pain; for pleasure
is too little, our inhuman God is too
great, thought is too lost.
It drove above the long crescent beach
toward Palo Colorado,
That is lined with lonely splendor of
standing wind-carven rocks, like a
chariot-racetrack adorned with images,
Watched by the waving crowds and clamor
of the sea, but there are no chariots.
Thurso's Landing
Stood heavy-shouldered in the south
beyond.

HALL-MARKS OF JEFFERS

In that excerpt from the description, of the bringing of the desperately injured Thurso back from hospital on the farm-truck, we descry a number of things that distinguish the work of Jeffers from that of other poets. In the first place, in the first statement, that human beings "own no other manner of shining" save in the endurance of pain; that is one of Jeffers most important tenets concerning life. For not only is the "inhuman God" too great for them, a pitiless abstraction in Jeffer's philosophy, but the background of enormous nature, to the poet, makes pigmies of the human race. Obvious also in this excerpt is the poet's grandeur of phrase, a grandeur always immanent in his work. Likewise apparent is his choice of a technique which, despite a good deal of mere prosaic statement, sometimes gathers great rhythms into itself. Jeffers's familiar long line is only in passages to my ear poetic. Frequently it seems to me to be prose writing shortened into arbitrary lengths. It has, however, a fine prose quality and he achieves through his particular method a dramatic condensation not possible to prose written as such. I do not know that there are any rules for this sort of writing, but I feel on finishing a poem of his that the means is justified by the total effect. And he is about the only contemporary who can lift this manner of exposition into significance. I also admire greatly his pictorial eye, whether in the description of the physical appearance of his characters or their scenic background. The people grow into roundness, the rock, earth, trees, flowers, and animals of his country are alive. He is original in description without straining his similes and analogies. His summation of humanity seems to me to lie in these few words as to its nature, near the end of his long poem:

It is rather ignoble in its quiet times,
mean in its pleasures,
Slavish in the mass; but at stricken
moments it can shine terribly against
the dark magnificence of things.

SUPERLATIVE PASSAGES

It is the stricken moments that he is most fain to chronicle. And he sometimes does it superbly. The greatest scene of the narrative poem, where Thurso severs the cable that hangs over the lives of those in the canyon like a symbolic tethering of those lives to the life still seemingly in the dead father,—that description, and the description of the swift living doom that comes upon Thurso, will remain with me a long time as one of the most vivid and powerful bits of writing that I know of in modern fiction. Thurso's crippled brother of the vain dreams I cannot quite believe in, somehow; but the scene where Helen goes to the storeroom for her rifle, and the love-thwarted and half-crazed brother confronts her with his desire, is so dramatically pictured that this also will for a long time haunt me. When one considers that of the few main characters in the poem the original lover (whose death is left a question) and the mother are the only ones who survive the story, while Thurso and Thurso's brother and his wife all die violently, the first with throat cut by his wife out of a strange mixture of passion and compassion, the second self-hung, the third by poison, one thinks of the buckets of blood shed by the Elizabethan dramatists. Death by violence is the solving of blind clashes between personalities that Jeffers has frequently elected; but in this particular story of his, if I am not mistaken, the element of inevitability is more strongly present; mixed, of course, with the strange phantasy through which move almost all the lives of Jeffers's characters, as they have since he began to write. He has hardly written any narrative in which some one was not insane at the beginning or did not go insane. It is his genius that holds our interest in such people. The life he lives himself on a lonely coast has conditioned his choice of types. They are people of great interior loneliness, of black brooding, of apparently not a single small recreation. They are primitive natures. For that very reason they assume certain almost epic proportions. So far as locale goes, one new thing Jeffers has done in "Thurso's Landing" is the shifting of scene to the Arizona desert in his description of the husband's successful pursuit of the runaway wife. The husband's carrying off of the wife, with the symbolic incident of the destruction of the desert-lizard, and the several arguments between husband and wife over their relationship, is a striking chapter. When they return to the canyon and the girl Hester is introduced, whom Thurso has apparently taken to satisfy his desires, after his wife had gone, there comes the striking scene between Helen and Hester where, with her mind in turmoil, the former almost destroys the slim, immature child in the cold, rushing sea, insisting that she bathe with her in the surf.

OTHER POEMS

Without giving away the plot of the story, such are some of its main episodes. It has firm structure. The next most important poem in the book is "Margrave," the last, in which philosophical questioning is mixed with the account of a man condemned to die for the kidnapping of a small child,—a brutal crime which he justifies to himself because of his great scientific brain. The irony of the loss of that brain valuable to mankind, inasmuch as it was devoted to medical discovery, through the destruction of an individual entirely immature, is brought out by Jeffers in his own peculiar fashion. The few shorter poems have beauty. There are several that recall his visits to Ireland and to New Mexico. "The Place for No Story" is typical in its insistence upon the grandeur of nature unpolluted by Man. I shall quote part of it as pendant to this review:

The coast hills at Sovranes Creek:
No trees, but dark scant pasture drawn
thin
Over rock shaped like flame;
The old ocean at the land's foot. . . .
This place is the noblest thing I have ever
seen.
No imaginable
Human presence here could do anything
But dilute the lonely self-watchful pas-
sion.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Art

AN ACCOUNT OF FRENCH PAINTING. By CLIVE BELL. Harcourt, Brace. 1932. $2.75.

Anticipating the French Loan Exhibition at Burlington House and yielding to the importunities of friends, Mr. Clive Bell has settled the whole business of French painting in about two hundred pages. About a Clive Bell book there is absolutely nothing new to say. If you like irresponsible pyrotechnics, here they are in foison; if you don't like them, you may have to endure them all the same for the modicum of real fire in the show. It would be more comfortable for a well informed and serious reader if Mr. Bell, instead of being nearly negligible, were completely so.

As always there are admirably sensed opinions in this book. On the *École galante* there are no better pages in English. All the more irritating, the chit-chat, negligences, and misunderstandings. It is not pretty to present cocksureness in the guise of modesty. In a popular book it is permissible to begin French painting where one chooses, but hardly permissible to treat the late Middle Ages in France with the flippancy of ignorance. Finally, if Mr. Bell had not penned all the clever reasons for leaving things out, he would easily have saved a chapter for putting things in. Writing like this may well afford a relief for a gorgeous sort of flatulence. It may also produce it sympathetically. The pleasures of such crepitation are entirely personal, and each reader must judge them for himself.

Biography

FRAIL ANNE BOLEYN. By BENEDICT FITZPATRICK. Dial. 1931. $3.50.

Mr. Fitzpatrick's spirited style, reinforced with a Tudor vocabulary and extravagant metaphors, carries along scenes rich in pageantry. Colorful descriptions, suggestively erotic, cloak the tedious negotiations over Henry's divorce from Katherine. But the portraits of Anne and Henry are blurred silhouettes. The "Frail" Anne remains lost in the archives save when she appears robust rather than fragile; the stalwart monarch is depicted as a "centaur," a salacious "satyr," or a royal stallion snorting about ladies-in-waiting. The man whom Europe recognized for his intellectual attainments, athletic prowess, diplomatic manœuvres, and political acumen appears only a slave to sex. Behind the neurotic actions of Henry and his ladies lay "his ignoble malady" which the author states had been "communicated" to both Anne and Katherine. This statement casts doubt upon the author's self-advertised historical accuracy, for recently Mr. Frederick Chamberlin has demonstrated that Henry probably did not suffer from syphilis. Yet for those eager to acquire a vocabulary of esoteric words, this book remains a reservoir of ripe passages such as this:

"It was in 1522, when the erectile winged feathers of one of his downy cygnets were being thus rudely ruffled by the goatfooted king, with another rich plumaged youngling riding in the offing, that the stream of grants to the father (Thomas Boleyn) began."

Education

COMMONSENSE AND THE CHILD. By ETHEL MANNIN. Lippincott. 1932. $2.

The thesis set forth in this book is summed up in a paragraph on page 285: "Every child is the unresolved problem of its own individuality and its adjustment to existing conditions: but that is a problem which must be left to work itself out in the course of living. . . . The leaving alone must begin from . . . the time the child comes into the world." The author postulates a child who is free to do exactly as he pleases. Because nothing is required of him (and "although he has splendid indifference to public opinion") he presently finds that he is happier doing as others do or have done. A factor which automatically operates to curb the aggressive egoistic development of the free child is the need of other free individuals for the development of their individualities. The burden of passing on what the race has learned about how to live as a member of society is thereby removed from the harassed parent and placed upon the physical and social environment of each child. Of this environment the parent may form a protesting part only when his own reasonable liberties are impinged upon by his freely developing offspring. Such a book might help a very domineering parent to swing in the direction of non-interference. It is amusing to find the author speaking to parents with an authority she would hesitate to make use of with her own child. To be strictly logical why must she not assume that parents are just as unlikely as children to learn from precept and that they must also be left to learn by living?

YOUR CHILD AND HIS PARENTS. By *Alice C. Brill* and *May Pardee Youtz*. Appleton. $2.50.

SPECIAL EDUCATION. Century. $4 net.

LIVES IN THE MAKING. By *Henry Neumann*. Appleton. $3.

MAKING WATERCOLOR BEHAVE. By *Eliot O'Hara*. Minton, Balch. $2.75.

THE SCHOOL IDEA. By *Valentine Davis*. London: Allen & Unwin.

REALISM IN AMERICAN EDUCATION. By *William Satchel Learned*. Harvard University Press.

Fiction

HORSE IN THE MOON. By LUIGI PIRANDELLO. Translated by SAMUEL PUTNAM. Dutton. 1932. $2.50.

Signor Pirandello, who is generally known in this country as a spinner of metaphysical speculations about the reality of time and thought, in these stories shows another side. It is surprising that none of his work in the vein of this book has been translated before, for some of these stories are very fine. They range from horror to knockabout farce and back to tenderness, but they have one common quality, a deep simplicity. Once or twice there is a theme that suggests that the author of "Right You Are! (If You Think You Are)" might have treated it differently; in "Miss Holloway's Goat," for instance, which tells of a visitor to Sicily who bought a charming, tiny kid, to be delivered on her return ten months later, and who duly received a filthy, Mephistophelean goat, there is just a suggestion that an entirely different animal would have been much more really the one she bought; but it is no more than a suggestion. There stories all deal with simple situations and people, and they show Signor Pirandello's intense delight in the peasants and the provincial petty bourgeoisie of his native land because in all their emotions, the utter self-abnegation of the women and the passions of the men, they are wholly singlehearted.

Slight as his means are, they are enough for the author to secure deeply moving effects. In the title story, the struggles of a dying horse, seen against the moon, become monstrous and yet very pitiful, and throw into relief the callousness and suffering of the world. In "The Light across the Way," the story of a lonely man who falls in love with the woman across the street only from watching her happy household framed in its lighted window, there is an understanding of humanity and a depth of feeling which would have served many authors for a whole novel.

This book is likely to seem slight to readers accustomed to the machine-packed stories of our popular magazines; it is not a book to have a wide appeal; but it should find some readers who will enjoy it intensely.

Miscellaneous

MURDER IN YOUR HOME. By *Elisabeth Cobb* and *Margaret Case Morgan*. Long & Smith. $1.50.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SEXUAL IMPULSES. By *R. E. Money-Kyrle*. Harcourt, Brace. $3.

THE ANCIENT CIPHER OR "GOD'S WISDOM IN A MYSTERY." By *Eva Southgate Stewart*. Vols. I and II. Putnam. $3.50 each.

HOW TO CHOOSE VOCATIONS FROM THE HANDS. By *William G. Benham*. Putnam. $5.

Pamphlets

WE STRIKE and ON THE BOWERY. By *Dr. Morris Leavitt*. New York: Br. I. W. O.

THE MYTH OF RUGGED AMERICAN INDIVIDUALISM. By *Charles A. Beard*. Day.

MR. HOOVER'S ECONOMIC POLICY. By *Rexford Gerry Zingwell*. Day. 25 cents.

HOW FOREIGN WORDS ARE WELCOMED AND TRANSFIGURED. By *W. W. Strickland*. Westermann.

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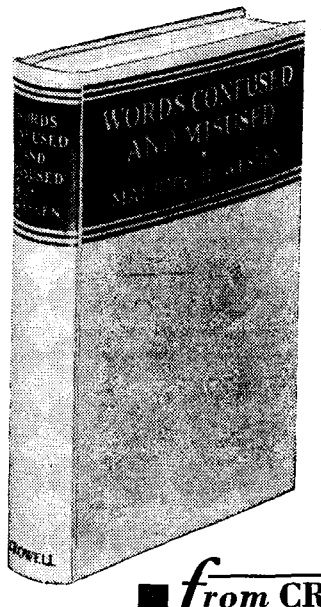

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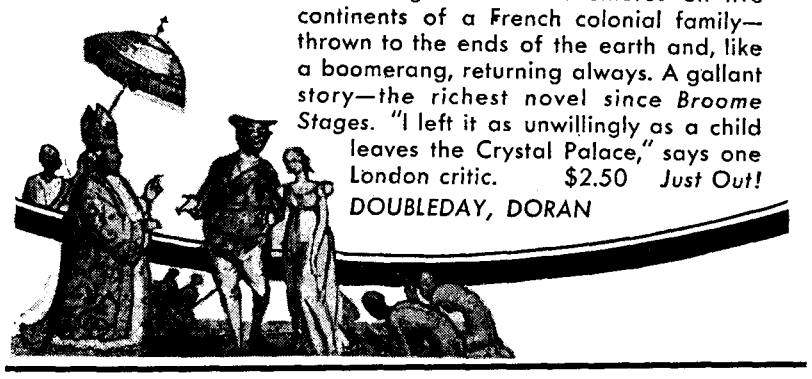

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Points of View

In Re Mark Twain

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I find in your issue of March 12 a juxtaposition of particular interest to me and of some relevance to the bases of literary criticism—Mr. John Macy's review of "Expression in America," with its intelligent doubt that psycho-analysis has so far attained finality in the criticism of literature, and a letter from Mr. Frederick I. Carpenter which uses the findings of psycho-analysis to assail various writers and opinions. It is Mr. Carpenter's letter that moves me to write to you, since Mr. Carpenter seems to be in possession of facts which have eluded me in a five years' study of Mark Twain, facts which, if he will make them available to me, will enable me to make important changes in my book about Mark Twain, the manuscript of which I have just delivered to the publishers.

The five years' study has given me some skill in separating the subjective assertions about Mark Twain made by theorists and evangelists from the facts about him that can be recovered. I quote from Mr. Carpenter: "Mark Twain is the obvious example of the humorist who remained a playboy to the end. His wife always called him 'Youth' and America applauded his Tom Sawyers and Huck Finns, who manifested the irrepressible humor of youth." Except for the statement that America applauded the Toms and Hucks, the assertion is subjective—it has no relation to fact, being simply an expression of Mr. Carpenter's sentiments—and so I am not interested in it. But a little later he says: "The sense of humor may mature in any one of several ways. It may grow into a boisterous and wholehearted acceptance of life, as in Rabelais. (Mark Twain's wife would not allow this.)" With the parenthesis, we reach an assertion of fact—an assertion which is either true or false, an assertion which, if true, must have evidence behind it. I should like, with all possible formality, to request Mr. Carpenter to show me the evidence on which his assertion rests.

If any such evidence exists, five years of laborious study have not revealed it to me. This casual notion, which seems to have absolute authority for Mr. Carpenter, is only a repetition of the ideas of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, which are a compound of frivolous and superficial psychoanalysis and a theory about the obligation of the artist based on the sentimental politics and economics of pre-war "Liberalism." In common with everyone else who has written about Mark Twain since the publication of "The Ordeal of Mark Twain," except Mr. Macy, Mr. C. Hartley Grattan, and Mr. Carl Van Doren, Mr. Carpenter has let Mr. Brooks's notions substitute in his thinking for an examination of what Mark Twain actually wrote.

For the idea that Jane Clemens (Mark Twain's mother) and Olivia Langdon (his wife) "would not allow this," Mr. Brooks submits as evidence only the alleged fact that Mark was a mischievous boy, which is probably true, and a melodramatic scene before the coffin of John Marshall Clemens which Mr. Paine narrates in his biography. The scene is probably untrue—it probably never happened. It is twice specifically contradicted by Mark Twain himself. The contradictions are fully as valid as Mr. Paine's narrative and no objective evidence for or against the little melodrama exists. The fact of the mischievous boyhood, which is irrelevant, and the scene beside the coffin, which probably never occurred and which seems to me at least to have been lifted from such carmine fiction as the novels of Emerson Bennett, compose the whole sanction for Mr. Brooks's detailed psycho-analysis of Mark Twain—or rather of Mark Twain and his biographer. It is just as well to remember the insufficiency of that sanction when weaving Mr. Brook's ideas into one's own theories.

Mr. Carpenter says: "Mr. Kaufmann's humor is much like Mark Twain's. It escapes hilariously (and impotently) into the realm of nonsense." It is impossible to deal factually with such subjective assertions as these. May I exercise Mr. Carpenter's finality and, on the authority of a long study as well as a perhaps juvenile pleasure in humor, make a few assertions of my own? Mr. Kaufmann's humor and Mark Twain's have nothing whatever in common. The idea that they are much alike could not survive an actual comparison of their work and must originate in some necessity of simplification, of finding a unity in diverse things—probably for the sake of creating one more system for the criticism of American literature at large. I think that I perceive such a necessity in Mr. Carpenter's assertion that Mark Twain's humor "escapes hilariously (and impotently) into the realm of nonsense." But Mark Twain wrote many kinds of humor and no possibility exists of forcing them into a single, unified system. Such a characterization of him as this is merely idle, merely absurd. It is impertinent of me to undertake the instruction of Mr. Carpenter, but I hope that, before he commits himself finally to this notion, he will read Chapter XXI of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" and at least a few similar passages in Mark Twain's books. There are hundreds of them, and in the presence of even one Mr. Carpenter's generalization is just silly.

I am not much interested in Mr. Carpenter's ideas when they do not relate to Mark Twain, but it seems worth pointing out that his first paragraph and his last commit him to a belief that humor is a sign of immaturity. In his second paragraph he flatly denies that belief, but he says that contemporary American authors do not write humor because they have grown up and that "the Babbitts and modern writers (most of them)" because they are solemn, "are growing up together." That would seem to prove Mr. Elmer Davis's contention— and also, it pleasantly illustrates what Mr. Macy has to say about Mr. Lewisohn and about Puritanism. Almost alone among American critics, Mr. Macy has been asking for fifteen years whether a little intelligent understanding of the aims, content, and methods of humor ought not to be required of people who write about humor. He is right in insisting that such a requirement should be made, and the affecting fate of Mark Twain attests his rightness, for it has been Mark's destiny to be discussed in print by people who honestly believe that laughter is somehow unholy. That is a Puritanical idea, and I hope that Mr. Macy can be induced to examine it as one, in continuation of his splendid paragraphs about Puritanism in your recent issue. "Puritanism" is a critical cliché, a convenient club with which people can beat over the head whatever portions of American life and history they happen to dislike. Of the ideas held by the only people who can realistically be called Puritans, the imperative of duty is about the only one that has had any continuity in time. I suggest to Mr. Macy that Mr. Brooks disliked Mark Twain's humor because he had the Puritanical belief that the Duty of the artist was to right the world's injustices, and that Mr. Carpenter dislikes it because he holds that the Duty of the artist is to "exorcize a demon"—kind and character of demon not yet specified.

Bernard De Voto.
Cambridge, Mass.

Not Our Laurels

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I regret that, owing to a slip on my part, the delightful letter in the issue of March 5th about bloaters gave me more credit than was my due. The letter was written by Mr. R. Halford Forster who was represented only by his initials.

New Haven, Conn.

Carl P. Rollins.

Translations

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review:*
Sir:

J. T. W. in the Compleat Collector wants more books that, like Herodotus, were first printed in translated form. Well, Marco Polo. And the "Arabian Nights." And the Bible, first printed in Latin. Some of the apocryphal books of the Bible, and other ancient works of Jewish and Christian religion, are not now known to exist in the language in which they were originally written: they were written in Hebrew and now exist in Greek, or were written in Greek and now exist in Latin, or Ethiopic, or Armenian, etc. The volume "Psalms" of the Polychrome Bible was done in German, translated from German into English, and published in English.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

Steven T. Byington.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

E. K., St. Paul, Minn., is to review the biography of some famous woman and asks me to choose it; it should be recent, full of interest, and preferably sparkling. The best biography of a woman that I have ever read is, according to my way of thinking, "The Life of Lady Byron," by Ethel Colburn Mayne (Scribner), which came out last year. It is a masterpiece of subtle but lucid psychological analysis, not only of a person but of a family group—of two family groups indeed; it is a monument of original scholarship that makes M. Maurois's "Byron" seem a bit thin in comparison, and it will stand rereading over a period of years. Also it manages to give the effect of a novel while keeping strictly to the admitted facts. "The Double Heart," by Naomi Royde-Smith (Harper), is another grand piece of work; it is the life of Julie de Lespinasse, of whose love-affairs the world cannot, it seems, get too much. Using her material as a novelist is permitted to do, but without undue liberties, the biographer keeps her subject loving, suffering, and struggling. Both these books turn on a mystery, a secret of the heart; in one it is the amazing clinging of Lady Byron to anything concerned with the source of her pain—even unto the second generation; in the other one sees how unwise it is to want two things at once. In other words, never pray with a proviso; ask for one thing and stick to it, for if Providence is given a second chance you are always granted the other thing.

I'VE often wondered what it must have been like to get "Pickwick" in parts, hot and hot, as they did in "Cranford"—and now, within reason, I know. For the London scout who looks to it that I shall be kept in touch with this part of the publishing world has subscribed, for my benefit, to "The Post-humous Papers of the Pickwick Club" now coming out in the most convincing facsimile parts, green wrappers and all, from the Piccadilly Fountain Press, 43 Piccadilly, London. There is even an "advertiser," but with contemporary notices. To have this brought in with the morning mail, to savor it comfortably with the coffee, is to get Pickwick all over again—a charming sensation I heartily commend to tired minds. The pictures come out especially well, and the type is grand. I am now cutting the pages wherein Mr. Nupkins makes a fool of himself, and deluding myself that I don't know how it comes out. The same house is to bring out "Vanity Fair" in shilling parts also as the first of its Charterhouse Edition of Thackeray; it will have the original yellow covers, and, like "Pickwick," will be printed by the Oxford University Press.

K. S., Washington, D. C., needs a grammar or rhetoric for a night-school student, mature and intelligent, who has trouble with sentence formation. F. K. Ball's "Constructive English" (Ginn) is the equivalent of a grammar, with emphasis on sentence structure. A new manual, or what amounts to one, for it is the second revised edition of a favorite work, is "Writing and Thinking," by Norman Foerster and J. M. Steadman, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin), the first part dealing with the nature of composition and applications of these principles to sentences, paragraphs, and themes, while the second part is a handbook for revising themes. This book is especially good for the encouragement of clarity and cogency in the expression of thought. *J. W., Lebanon, Ind., asks for information on child health and public health, for a kindergartner.* The American Child Health Association, 450 Seventh Avenue, N. Y., has just published a booklet of more than a hundred pages on the approaching celebration of May Day as Child Health Day, with reports from every state and programs of activities. *J. S. C., Hartford, Conn., asks for the source of the story* about the children who staged a homemade play on the origin of our flag, in which a soldier in our army says to Washington, "Say, George, we ain't got no flag," to which the Commander-in-Chief replies, "Gee, ain't it fierce!", repeats the statement to Betsy Ross, gets the same reply, and is told to hold the baby while she makes one. The yarn is familiar, but who started it? I don't know; perhaps someone in the company may. *F. A. M., Boston,* tells me to look in "Biographical Sketches of the Moody Family," by C. C. Moody (Drake, 1847), for the sequel to the story of Father Moody's giving away his wife's shoes to a beggar woman, told in the story from *The Lowell Offering* quoted in my "Golden Tales of New England" (Dodd, Mead). Yes, I read it, but I'm not impressed with it as a happy ending. It seems that this famous theocrat of ancient York (Maine), when his wife said, "Oh, Mr. Moody, it was my only pair of shoes!" replied that the Lord would provide, and before night a neighbor—neighbors were often pinch-hitting for Providence in the Moody family—brought in a pair of shoes he had bought for his own wife, but they were too small. Now before I call that a happy ending I must be sure that they were not an equally bad fit for Mrs. Moody. There is no more interesting family in early New England history than the Moody hierarchy; one was the "minister with the black veil" who figures in Hawthorne's story. *L. T., who gave a street address but no city,* asks for the publisher of the two volume edition of Emily Dickinson's poems, and for Page's "British Poets of the Nineteenth Century." The "Complete Poems" of Emily Dickinson are in one volume; there are two editions, the pocket 16mo., and the crown octavo of 1930 with Mrs. Bianchi's introduction; both are published by Little, Brown. "British Poets of the Nineteenth Century," edited by Curtis Hidden Page, is in two parts; both are published by Sanborn (Chicago, New York, and Boston). *A London correspondent* advises me to add to the English travel list "American Shrines on English Soil," by James F. Muirhead (Macmillan); I am glad to do so, for I found it a valuable guide-book in actual use; it is well illustrated, and lists all our points of contact in history and literature.

SPEAKING of the Malvern Festival, Robert L. Dothard, Narberth, Pa., is bringing out one of the plays featured in this celebration, in an edition of sixty copies from his private press. This is Henry Fielding's "Tom Thumb the Great"; but he is doing Fielding's revision of the earlier play (1730). This revision, published in 1731, he tells me, includes an enlarging of the whole play, with an added preface and elaborate footnotes.

A STUDY group in Yonkers, N. Y., needs books on Myths and Legends of Foreign Lands, not juvenile. The cornerstone of such a collection is Sir John Frazer's incomparable "The Golden Bough" (Macmillan), of which a one-volume condensation has been made by the author with consummate skill in getting the essentials. Read the fifty-cent pamphlet, "Value and Methods of Mythological Study," by L. R. Farrell (Oxford University Press), author of the standard "Cults of the Greek States." If you are going in for this on a great scale and can afford eight dollars apiece for twelve gorgeously illustrated volumes by authorities, there is the "Mythology of All Races," edited by L. H. Gray and G. F. Moore (Jones), covering every race—Greek, Celtic, Indian, Oceanic, Latin American, and all. "The Story of Myth," by E. E. Kellett (Harcourt, Brace), and F. C. Prescott's "Poetry and Myth" (Macmillan) are studies to be included. There are several one-volume world surveys of myth that make fine books for a home library; the most beautiful is Padraic Colum's "Gods" (Macmillan) which has the lovely decorations of Boris Artzybacheff—who, by the way, has gone in for myth-making on his own account, and in "Poor Shaydullah" (Macmillan) has produced one of the most sound and salutary of fables, with drawings that crown his career. "Gods," by Bessie G. Redfield (Putnam), is a handy dictionary of deities, heroes, sacred books, and the like, arranged under one alphabet. Herbert J. Rose's "Handbook of Greek Mythology" (Dutton) is a comprehensive work that includes Roman myths and deities; it arranges its information handily by a combination of large type, small type, and notes, so that one may get a rapid view or make a closer scrutiny. I have found that the old school standby, Gayley's "Classic Myths" (Ginn), comes in uncommonly well in everyday club study, for it makes a point of correlating ancient myths with modern literature and art.

THE RED ROOM

An Unconventional Kind of Ad...

We want to tell you about this man, Geoffrey P. Dennis. He's been published in this country (four books in all) for the past 12 years. For some unhappy reason, a lot of literary critics, conceding Dennis' greatness as a writer, have put over the idea that he is also one who'll appeal only to other writers or to highbrows. This, unfortunately, is the bunk.

Take, for instance, his new novel, THE RED ROOM. It begins with the story of a handsome and unimportant young man (married) who carried on a shoddy little affair with his boss's wife, was discovered, and then cut his throat in the Red Room. This brings us to page 26. Beginning with this suicide, Dennis uncovers for us (and in a way that makes our own mouth water whenever we think of it) the relationships, plots, intrigues, ambitions and personalities of all the people whom the unfortunate young man knew.

Mouth water? Well, here is the kind of thing we mean. Take Miss Hyssop, the town gossip—(from page 47)

> For instance, encountering a friend in High Street, she might ask her blandly: "How's dear Miss Andrews these days?" "Oh, she's not very well," would reply harmlessly the friend. "*Ah!* not very well?" or "Ah, *not* very well?" or else "Ah, not *very* well?" or yet again, "Ah, not very *well?*" came the low, fruity, four-fold alternative rejoinder, implying hideous variant reasons for poor Miss Andrews's chaste *malaise*. Or "She's away with her cousin up in London" might be the response, when Prudence's dark velvety "Away with her *cousin* in London?" or "Up in *London?*" could succeed in changing the cousinship into a tie more intimate in flesh while less so in blood, or the pure English metropolis into a city of garish evil outshining the Gay Paree of the most voyistic Anglo-Saxon's unclean dreams and hopes.

THE RED ROOM is a novel of 311 pages of writing and observation such as this. It has no loose ends. It has a plot, beginning, middle and end, that doesn't let you down. We have read it three times, word by word, page by page. It has been our favorite mid-winter experience, and we write this ad because we can think of no other way of telling you about a book which we are betting you'll like as well as we do. Please don't rent or borrow it. It's worth $2.

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Migrating Apples

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

TODAY I saw an impossible thing:
A tree with ten apples; the apples
took wing.

At first the rounded fruit was at rest,
Each ripening side a red-round breast,

Feathered softly, quietly stirred,
As though awaiting some final word.

It came. I counted ten spurts of blue.
And then the apples were lost to view.

Travel Adventures

INDIANS, CROCODILES, AND MONKEYS. By JOHN VANDEVEER DEUEL. New York: The Century Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by ANNE L. HAIGHT

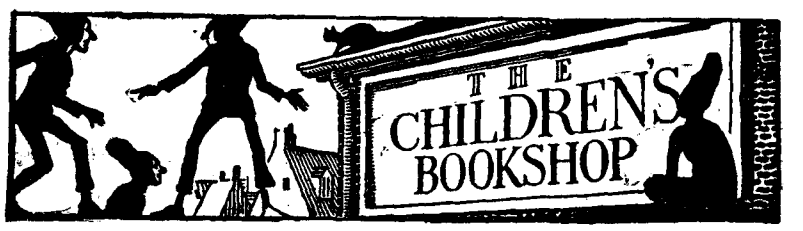
IT is not often that a boy has the great good fortune to realize his dreams in taking a 14,000 mile cruise in a motor yacht, but John Vanderveer Deuel did, and what is more, he made the most of his opportunity. Deuel, a young flying officer of the Army Air Corps, saw the yacht *Samona* in Balboa bay, California, and hearing that she was bound for South America and the West Indies, asked the owner for a job. An interpreter and radio operator was needed. Fortunately he could qualify and was accepted.

His story of the cruise is written in a pleasant, simple, straightforward way, telling only the essentials and leaving out the unnecessary details. They cruised around Southern California, along the coast of Mexico, through the Panama Canal, and visited the countries of the Northern Coast of South America. After leaving Panama they met their first Indians, and here Deuel could not quite resist the almost irresistible temptation of telling a good story, for his fear that the white Indians (the San Blas, I imagine) might put him in the stew-kettle was quite ungrounded. But after all it was his first experience and he can be forgiven.

Deuel took a keen interest in the history of each place which he visited and gives interesting odds and ends of information about it. Almost everywhere he made friends with boys who showed him the sights of their native towns and any good sport to be had. He flew across the Andes and took journeys into the interior. The yacht penetrated several hundred miles up the Orinoco river, which is the best part of the story. There, Deuel's youthful enthusiasm and love of adventure carried him and another boy into a very exciting encounter with hostile Indians. They were pursued through rapids, and in and out of coves, but finally escaped, and all was well. He had a great appreciation of the beauties of the river and makes you feel its fascination. His description of the animals is very graphic. He says, speaking of the monkeys, "When the first gray light of dawn filters through the green undulating roof of the jungle, the howler's weird and piercing cry takes up where the terrifying night scream of the giant puma leaves off, and makes the latter seem inconsequential in comparison. The monkeys live in the interlaced upper story of the jungle, seldom descending to earth. Their most feared enemy is the jaguar, the most powerful and continuously hungry animal that roams the equatorial forests, a foe who hides out in the branches to snatch them as they go scampering by. The jaguar is equally crafty on land and water. From the shallows he scoops out turtle eggs and fish, and he has been known to overpower and kill a crocodile." His descriptions of the crocodiles and how they stand on their tails and shake; of the tapirs, the largest animals in that part of the world, and of the herds of ferocious pecory are all very true to life.

On their way north through the Caribbean Sea they met rough weather, and survived a typhoon and a water spout. After visiting many islands they reached Florida, their turning point. On their way home they ran out of oil and became involved in a Mexican revolution by way of variety. One learns to know the crew, mostly through their remarks, and I must say I left them all with regret when the voyage was ended.

It is a refreshing story, told with humor, and it is a great relief to have a travel narrative true to fact and devoid of sensationalism, for in this case, as in most, truth is stranger than fiction, and the book is far more interesting for being reliable in information.



Conducted by KATHERINE ULRICH

Tidy Music

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF MUSIC. By ELLEN FRIEL BAKER. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by G. G. TRENERY

IF you regard your mind as a sort of big wooden chest, into which you can cram all sorts of undigested matter, instead of as a garden in which to sow carefully chosen seeds of knowledge, then this book is one you will appreciate.

It is by no means a story, but thirteen tabloid lectures, compressed out of all shape and comeliness into narrow air-tight compartments. It is full of facts, neat, hard, green little buds without root or stem, or flower.

The book has a kaleidoscopic quality that may dazzle and impress certain types of mind, but, as an aid to reflection, or an introduction to real appreciation of music, it seems to fall short. There is, for instance, a chapter devoted, or perhaps grudged is the better word, to folk songs and folk dancing—that vast and fascinating field of research—which clips and cuts up the beautiful fabric of its material in a heartrending manner.

The author gives a short list of various nations, and allots a typical dance to each in a tidy, complacent way, adding the bromide, "These songs and dances formed a big part of the recreational life of unschooled people who were glad to play when work was done." Now, apparently, these songs and dances are relegated to "playgrounds for underprivileged children."

We go straight on to the Passion Play at Oberammergau, the reason for its institution, which gives such point and meaning to the play, being omitted. However, three hundred and fifty characters are thrust upon us, a few by name for the benefit of those who are weak in their New Testament history. We skip on to King Alfred, then to Grieg, and wind up briskly with Wagner, a scrap of the Nibelungenlied myth, an unexplained reference to Wagner's revolutionary ideas, and —the door bangs to in our face.

The chapters on early stringed and early wind instruments are lucid and interesting enough, as also are those on the pianoforte and early keyboards. The troubadours and minnesingers take the stage with a flourish of trumpets, but are all too soon transformed into stiff lay figures; and a list of German musicians, another list of popular instruments, together with a solid phalanx of Bachs, damp our interest in this romantic period of music.

It is a pity that the author did not choose definitely to write either a properly classified book of reference on musical instruments, composers, and compositions; or a well-indexed, fuller, more scholarly tome on the development of music; or a really clear, attractive book for young people, outlining in broad symmetrical pattern the art she treats so brightly and superficially, and with so much confusing detail.

Animal Tales

BOOK OF THE WOODS. By MARIANNE GAUSS. Illustrations by C. W. GAUSS. Chicago: Laidlaw Brothers. 1931. $1.50.

Reviewed by MARION LOCKWOOD

IN the "Book of the Woods" Marianne Gauss tells seven stories of wild creatures of the wooded Rocky Mountain slopes, the best being, perhaps, those of the old grizzly bear and her two cubs, and the little fawn without a mother. While there are many ineptitudes in Miss Gauss's style, the stories themselves prove fascinating, to child and grown-up alike. One forgets the occasional awkward turns of phrasing in the intrinsic value and interest of the stories themselves, which are most entertaining. Even adults themselves could not fail to become absorbed in the story of that old grizzly, "Mrs. Stubbs, the bear with the bad name" and the good character, and her struggles against the cruelties of man and beast to bring up her two cubs.

These stories are the result of close observation of animal life in the Rockies, by Marianne Gauss and her sister, C. W. Gauss, who is responsible for the attractive illustrations in black and white. The stories are accurate in fact and observation and the author succumbs only occasionally to that dangerous temptation of nature story writers—the desire to humanize animals to an untrue extent. The style of the book is uneven, rising often to heights of delicate and lyric descriptive power, and in other places marred by a curious lack of finesse. At her best Miss Gauss succeeds in creating word pictures reminiscent of that fine book, "Bambi," and one can but hope that the faults of her style are merely the result of inexperience, and that the coming years may perfect the very real talent that underlies the telling of these tales. One thing is certain—any child who reads this book will think twice before he harms an innocent and helpless animal. The author succeeds in expressing forcibly and feelingly her sympathy with wild creatures.

An Indian Myth

THE WONDER ROCK. Written and illustrated by RYAH LUDINS. New York: Coward-McCann. 1931. $1.50.

Reviewed by F. W. HODGE

A PRETTY little book which very young readers will enjoy heartily. A small Indian boy and his sister fall asleep on a rock, which grows and grows until it becomes a mountain. Mouse, Raccoon, Grizzly Bear, and Mountain Lion all endeavor in vain to rescue the children; finally Worm tries and succeeds in reaching the mountain-top and awakening the children, by whom it is borne back to their overjoyed parents in Happy Valley. The hair of the little children is adorned with the inevitable honor feathers of war which might as well have been omitted, and Pueblo Indian decorations on tipis of the Plains Indians are equally incongruous.

Pioneering Down South

ORANGE WINTER. By MARJORIE MEDARY. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1931. $2.

SOMETIMES JENNY WREN. By ADA CLAIRE DARBY. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by MARION C. DODD

I CLASS together here two books which make a very good pair. Both date back to an earlier period for their scene, both are pioneer stories —but not with the usual Western background suggested by the word—and both will undoubtedly enlarge the geographical and historical horizons of those into whose hands they fall. By which wordy suggestion I do not at all mean that they are heavy to read or lacking in appeal. Both are pleasant stories, significant in the interest of their background and the day-to-day occupations of their characters as much as in any definite plot.

"Orange Winter" contains much that is novel in a setting of orange-growing pioneer life in Florida in the early 'eighties. The young girl of today will wonder how, in the uncompromising costumes she sees in the pictures, the heroine could possibly be the good sport that she was through the difficulties of an unfamiliar climate, rough cabin life, the exigencies of tree planting and tending, smudge firing (when the frost threatened), and many adventures with alligators and with the Florida swampy wilderness. It will all be found very interesting, and the reader will eat her next orange with a due appreciation of much of which she was probably ignorant before. She will like also the thread of mystery which has followed upon a tragedy of Civil War days.

"Sometimes Jenny Wren" is a simpler story and for younger readers, but it has definite values. It is an account of plantation life on the Missouri river before the Civil War, and of the devotion of two little girls and their need for each other's companionship in the happy days among the plantation activities. Glimpses of Southern family life, of river-packet customs and stage-coach travel, and of the wonders of the first train on the first railroad are all interesting. The solution of a mystery as to the parentage of one of the two little friends involves an exciting journey to New York—but not to the New York that we know. And after much suspense the solution is made without separating them, to the relief of everyone in the story. The book, like its companion, is well written and interestingly illustrated.

A Wandering Tale

THREE SCOUT NATURALISTS IN THE NATIONAL PARKS. By DONALD G. KELLEY, JACK W. EDGEMOND and W. DREW CHICK. New York: Brewer, Warren & Putnam. 1931. $1.75.

Reviewed by MITCHELL V. CHARNLEY

THE three authors of this volume are three California Boy Scouts selected in 1930 to accompany Ansel F. Hall, senior naturalist and forester in the National Park Service, on a 12,000-mile trip to the Western national parks. Each in his turn, the three boys tell the story of the trip which took them to Yosemite, the Grand Canyon, Bryce Canyon, Zion National Park, Crater Lake, Mount Rainier, and other wonder spots of the American West.

The book suffers from the handicaps one expects to find in work of this kind by adolescents. "Exceptional" as they may be, high school boys cannot write in a manner to kindle the enthusiasm or the imagination. This wandering tale is smoothly written (was it extensively ghost-edited?) but it is rarely exciting. The trip is described in immense detail, but much of the detail is of interest chiefly to the individuals concerned or to naturalists and zoölogists.

The enthusiasm of the three boys is carried into their descriptions, and they work in a good deal of boyish delight in the amusing situations they met. The book is jammed with quasi-scientific information. But it is hardly a book that the average boy reader will return to, if indeed he manages to wade through it the first time.

Three Civilizations

THE SPANISH McQUADES. The Lost Treasure of Zavala. By MARY DICKERSON DONAHEY. Illustrated by WILLIAM DONAHEY and ROBB BEEBE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

"THE wind, shrieking down the narrow darkened streets of the old French Quarter, in New Orleans, shook the lone taxicab that crept along the line of ghostly buildings till it shivered, and its creakings were added to the clamor of the gale and the swish and swirl of rain against its windows."

The scene is laid, the twins, Dolores and Mercedes, are off on their adventures. New Orleans, the Gulf of Mexico, Merida, the capital of Yucatan, with its markets, streets, and plaza, a Mayan ruined city lost in the jungle, and a Spanish-American hacienda are the backgrounds of the story, swiftly and convincingly sketched in. The plot itself is simple but keeps its suspense. Years ago the Irish grandfather of the twins married a Spanish heiress, a runaway match her father would not forgive. To force his acquiescence, the bride stole the family heirloom, whose loss brought with it a curse upon the race, and then died before she could restore it. Coming across her diary years later, the twins learn enough to believe that they can discover its hiding-place, and win the gratitude of their embittered old great-grandfather whom they have never seen. The tale involves three civilizations, several ways of life, search, and love: all good materials. It would be better still if Mert's youthful (and Yankee!) buoyancy were to be shown by other means than the use of unconvincing slang. But, sainted suspenders or no sainted suspenders, the story moves, Yucatan unfolds, the buried city is mysterious, and the treasure is found!

The Publishers' Weekly, apropos of children's bookshops, says: "Girls, it seems, generally exercise more choice in what books are bought for them, than boys do. Boys either want the entire shop or else feel that buying books is pretty sissified, but girls seem to know what they want before they are brought in. Both boys and girls do better if they are accompanied by a parent or relative than if they come into a shop alone. They need a certain amount of direction."

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Balzac Well Done

DROLL STORIES: Thirty Tales by Honoré de Balzac completely translated into Modern English by JACQUES LE CLERCQ. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1932.

THIS edition of Balzac's "Contes Drôlatiques" is issued almost exactly a hundred years after their first printing, and after innumerable editions have been printed. Nothing but a really serious attempt to present a good translation in a satisfactory format could have warranted the undertaking of a limited edition, since the stories are available in many forms and languages. That the job has been well done is therefore a matter for congratulation.

The translation is excellent as English reading: whether it is a literal and faithful rendering of the original I am not scholar enough to say, but by all internal evidence and by the standing of the translator it seems quite safe to say that it is. Professor Le Clercq is the author of many notable translations, and the present rendition is not merely readable: he has given a rollicking, nimble, dexterous twist to the French original which makes the book really exciting. And that is, preëminently, what the "Droll Stories" ought to be. Archaism would be intolerable in such matters. What we have is a straightforward, readable narrative.

The design of the three volumes which constitute this edition is by William A. Dwiggins. The books are small, square duodecimos, fitted to the pocket and still more fitted to hold easily in the hand and read at with comfort. The type is the new Linotype Janson, of which a word may be said. The model for this face is one of the oldest type faces available to the present-day printer—a seventeenth century type designed by a Dutch punch-cutter and type-founder, Anton Janson. In some ways it is, by reason of its sharpness and sparkle, as well as by the beautiful clarity and comeliness of its drawing, one of the very finest type faces now available. The Mergenthaler Linotype Co. undertook some time ago to adapt it to the linotype machine—a foolhardy undertaking, as the company was plainly told by its friends! The fitting of the charming old letter forms to the exigencies of the linotype was placed in the hands of Mr. Dwiggins, and the result is surprisingly faithful and successful. The roman is almost as good as the original, and excellent in itself: of the italic less can be said, owing to mechanical limitations of which I have spoken before. Yet even the italic, in the hands of Mr. Dwiggins, becomes probably the best italic of any linotype font. It is this remodeled Janson type which has been used in this edition, in a fourteen point size. The result is very pleasing. The pages are set solid, but the long descenders make for sufficient white space between the lines, and the pages are clear and comfortable to read.

The designer has avoided any attempt at illustration. Pictures for such a book are a dubious addition, no matter who makes them, and it is better to stick to decoration. There is a good title page, with three lusty monks reading: there are a great variety of initial letters of large size: and each tale has a little vignette to start it off. Initials and vignettes vary a good deal in character and excellence—the best are very fine indeed.

The most notable feature of this printing is, however, the use of color, which Mr. Dwiggins has used frequently heretofore in his books. In the case of this Balzac, each volume has a different color scheme—binding, initials, title page, folios. This device adds a sprightliness to the typography which is quite in sympathy with that of the text. Even the relatively large folios or page numbers, placed at the shoulders of the pages, change their color from time to time through the volume—a trick as amusing as it is unusual. The black cloth backs are all uniformly stamped in gold, but the very decorative side papers appear in a different color on each volume. A good mellow paper, the edges trimmed square, completes the workmanlike quality of the books. The printing has been done by the Southworth Press.

If one reprints a classic, and sells it at more than a nominal sum, one must contribute some quality of originality or excellence, in either text or typography, to justify the performance. It seems to me that the Limited Editions' Club has done this with the "Droll Stories." R.

On Publishing

PUBLISHING AND BOOKSELLING: A History from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By F. A. MUMBY. New York: R. R. Bowker Co. 1931.

TO all good librarians and to many others interested, one way or another, in books, the first edition of this work, issued in 1910, has been guide, counsellor, and friend, as well as a delightful book in which to read. Now comes a revision of the first edition, with a new title, new pictures, and much additional matter. The old wheeze that all good books made in England were printed north of the Tweed finds some justification in this volume. It is thoroughly well printed. I have had occasion to note that the British characteristically disdain to regard the grain of the paper as important: this book is printed on a thinnish wove paper of good surface, and the leaves turn beautifully. The type is a good, readable Baskerville, and the presswork has been sufficiently well handled, even if a bit too light.

A book of such diversified contents is difficult to explain in a review. Covering as it does the bookselling and publishing activities of nearly two thousand years, and extending to nearly five hundred pages, one scarcely reads it at a sitting. A chronological arrangement and a good index meet that situation adequately, however. And who will not find entertainment and profit here is hard to please. America is scarcely mentioned, but no pretense is made of covering this field: the book deals primarily and largely with England, but that thoroughly and systematically.

There is a bibliography of some five or six hundred entries, begun by William Peet and brought down to date by the author. There are a couple of dozen varied illustrations. Altogether it is one of the most readable books, both as to format and contents, which any book-lover or printer could put on his shelf. R.

Rosenwald Catalogue

THE Lakeside Press at Chicago has sent out a really exceptional catalogue of the exhibition of Prints, from the collection of Lessing J. Rosenwald of Philadelphia, held in the Lakeside Press Galleries at Chicago during the first three months of this year. The eighty page pamphlet, covered with yellow paper covers, is a quarto, printed in the new monotype Centaur type of Bruce Rogers. The italic, as shown in the pages of introduction set throughout in it, is in need of much closer fitting, but the roman leaves little to be wished for in a type for such a purpose. It is a very handsome letter indeed, and handsomely handled in this catalogue. R.

Colonel T. E. Lawrence's ("Lawrence of Arabia") new translation of the Odyssey is to be published anonymously in an edition limited to five hundred copies.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, published weekly, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1932.

State of New York } ss:
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Noble A. Cathcart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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(Signed) NOBLE A. CATHCART,
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There are not a few readers who believe that the brothers POWYS—THEODORE F. POWYS, LLEWELYN POWYS and JOHN COWPER POWYS are the most remarkable literary family since the BRONTE sisters. The recent publication, by THE VIKING PRESS, of *Unclay*, the latest novel of THEODORE F. POWYS and the publication today of *A Glastonbury Romance* by JOHN COWPER POWYS should magnificently support this conviction. Here is the unmistakable stamp of genius.

Consider, if you will, the first paragraph of *A Glastonbury Romance:*

"At the striking of noon on a certain fifth of March, there occurred within a causal radius of Brandon railway station and yet beyond the deepest pools of emptiness between the uttermost stellar systems one of those infinitesimal ripples in the creative silence of the First Cause which always occur when an exceptional stir of heightened consciousness agitates any living organism in this astronomical universe. Something passed at that moment, a wave, a motion, a vibration, too tenuous to be called magnetic, too subliminal to be called spiritual, between the soul of a particular human being who was emerging from a third-class carriage of the twelve-nineteen train from London and the divine-diabolic soul of the First Cause of all life."

The action of *A Glastonbury Romance* is distinctly modern, and is carried on by a host of contrasting characters—noblemen, communists, tradesmen, priests, harlots, procuresses, teachers, servants, manufacturers, aviators, good girls, bad girls, ordinary people, extraordinary people. In a letter to *The Inner Sanctum*, JOHN COWPER POWYS explained: "I am weaving an exciting and melodramatic plot for all these characters . . . in and out, out and in, like figures in a complicated Gothic tapestry, gathering them together tighter and tighter in a more and more straining knot of psychic relations as the plot proceeds."

In this one-volume novel of eleven hundred and seventy-four pages (the sales department leans over our shoulder to record the Ripleyesque fact that it is priced at only $3.75) are to be found no less than six major love affairs, one murder, three births and two deaths. With the publication of *A Glastonbury Romance* the modern English novel reaches a new high, and cosmic bargain prices a new low.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

WE have heard again from *Chase S. Osborn* who hails from that fascinating spot, Possum Poke in Possum Lane. He says they have nests down there—not phœnix but mocking-bird "under wistaria and roses at the front porch—and a huge bronze turkey on twenty-two eggs under English ivy at the back porch." . . .

And rather in line with bronze turkeys, we quote from some rhymes sent us by *Lily Rose Carey* of Demarest, N. J., anent grackles:

This day we had a million;
A host with shining spears,
In bronze and purple raiment
With neither guns nor gears.

Recently this journal published a poem by *Selden Rodman,* which will be included in this young Yale graduate's first book of poems published now by Farrar & Rinehart. The title of the book is "Mortal Triumph and Other Poems." . . .

From The *New York Times* office in London *Thurston Macauley* reports that the whiskers of *Orlando Peter Whiffle,* his cat, are now bristling with pride at our recent mention of him in this department, that Macauley's third book will be a novel which will have the sea for a background, and that at date of writing he is setting forth on a rare three weeks' cruise of the Hellenic Travelers' Club, from Venice to Sicily, Athens, Constantinople, Troy, Delos, Crete, Corfu, Dubrovnik, and Split, among other ports of call. The club chartered *S. S. Kraljica Marija* (which means Queen Mary in Slavic—they sail under the Jugoslavian flag). This vessel was formerly the *Araguaya* of the Royal Mail. Fellow passengers of Macauley's are *Philip Guedalla* and *Louis Golding,* the latter being the literary man of the hour in London since the enthusiastic reception of his "Magnolia Street." . . .

We are glad to see Frederick A. Stokes Company publishing "Whither I Must," by *Bridget Dryden,* a charming novel that we read in manuscript sometime ago after meeting the author in London. In dropping us a line about it, *Barbara Frost* of the Stokes Company indulged even in a split infinitive which she ascribed to overpowering emotion! It is a good book, full of originality. . . .

We see that *Tom Stix* of the Book League has been interviewing *Ward Greene* for the radio on "Those Southern Girls." In our favorite palace of nepenthe downtown hangs an excellent drawing of an old Southern colonel done by our friend, *George Hartmann,* advertising the "Weep No More" cocktail and incidentally Ward's book. Ward believes that the Northern speakeasy is more sincere than the Southern aristocracy. In three years he has produced three novels that have placed him in an enviable position among contemporary American writers. . . .

George Oppenheimer of the Viking Press has at last told all. He informs us how for seven long years that notable publishing house eschewed the publishing of detective stories, though two of the partners at least cherished a particular passion for this form of mental pabulum and watched with tears coursing down their cheeks how their gourmandizing contemporaries gulped down Van Dines and Freemans and Sayerses and Rineharts. For seven years (mystic number) the mystery-starved partners waited, and at last, George tells us, virtue and patience were rewarded with the discovery of "The Tragedy of X: A Drury Lane Mystery," by *Barnaby Ross;* a book he claims to be the perfect book in its field. George says it is more a deductive story than a detective story. . . .

The Golden Book Magazine for April quotes the following slang which certainly seems up-to-the-minute as culled from no less a giant of the old days than *William Shakespeare*: "A hell of a time," "Dead as a doornail," "Done me wrong," "Beat it," "I hope to frame thee," "Not so hot," "She falls for it," "How you do talk," "If he falls in, good night." . . .

And speaking of Shakespeare we find in the catalogue of books being sold by order of *Mrs. Morris Gest* from the library of the late *David Belasco,* Shakespeare's works edited by *Dyce,* twenty volumes in autumn leaf morocco, gilt backs and sides, doublures of the same morocco, oval inlay of cream morocco, with Mr. Belasco's initials in centre of each front doublure, etc., etc. . . .

We toss our cap in the air at the news that *Robert K.* ("*Bob*") *Haas* and *Hal Smith* have formed a partnership, a great combination in our opinion. Bob was formerly, as you know, the moving spirit of the Book-of-the-Month Club until he retired some little time ago.

We welcome you with
Our loudest huzzas,
O Harrison Smith
And Robert K. Haas;
And deep in the grape
We dip unto you,
O Jonathan Cape
And Robert Ballou;
Ex-partners brave-hearted
And still on the job,
Though cruelly parted
Now each take a Bob!

The new talking picture starring *Miriam Hopkins* and recently released by Paramount is based on *Dorothy Speare's* popular novel, "Dancers in the Dark." Miss Speare spent several months in Hollywood working on the dramatization. Her next novel, a story of stage life entitled "Shadow Man" will be published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. We wonder whether Miss Speare has given up her opera singing for good. Her married name is *Christmas* but just the same we wish her a wonderful Easter, even though the expression of this sentiment may be a trifle tardy. . . .

Arthur W. Bell sends us the following tribute to the conductor of "The Bowling Green," which we are glad to print:

We, whom you charmed in "Inward Ho,"
Again enthralled with "Mistletoe,"
Now welcome "Regus Patoff's" flow
In "Human Being: Richard Roe!"

Trend, a Quarterly of the Seven Arts has just brought out its first issue for March-April-May. It is a publication of The Society of Teachers and Composer, Inc., 978 St. Marks Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Its editorial board are *Harrison Kerr, Samuel Loveman, Jeanne McHugh,* and *Edward G. Perry.* . . .

Katherine Morse sends us the following poem which arouses our interest because of its modern questioning:

AFTER A DAY WITH KEATS AND AN EVENING WITH EINSTEIN

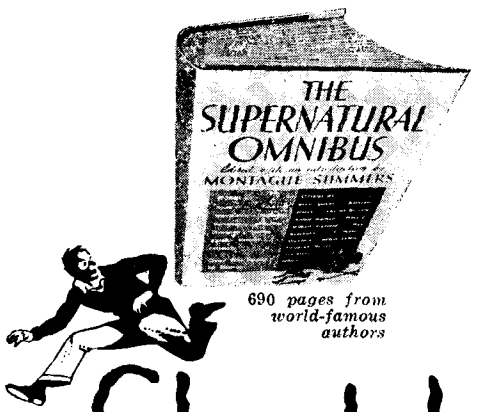
What will become of all the poet's words
When everything is understood?
The "charmed names" of questionings; of
doubts that grope among the stars?
When cosmic mist is quite resolved to
force,
And every smallest ion is reduced,
What words will then the poets use for
age-old loveliness?
Entangled mystery; farewell; the Tremblers, Hope and Pain?
Wistful eternities in this life hang suspended,
Till space, time, stars, and passion and
despair
Are all explained with reasonable law.
When there is no more doubt, nor ever
any fear
What will be said of Shelley's "thorns of
life,"
Of Keats' "when I have fears that I may
cease to be?"
Will poets' pain be lulled with certainty?
Will all their lovely questing words be
still?

We don't think that will ever happen. But then who knows what is on the knees of the gods? . . .

The D. S. C.'s only poet-laureate goes under the remarkable name of *John Cabbage.* The Parnassus Press has published his poems, a volume entitled "Eight Bells." Many poets have written about the sea, but John Cabbage is the first to find poetic material in New York City's methods of garbage disposal! . . .

Charles Erskine Scott Wood celebrated his eightieth birthday on the twentieth of last February. That is, his devoted wife, the poet *Sara Bard Field* and his many friends arranged the celebration unbeknownst to him. This was at his lovely place, The Cats, high on the hills above Los Gatos, California.

THE PHŒNICIAN.



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